

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

"Rainmaking"
Experiments

WE commend readers to a careful perusal of the leading story on this page today which describes in detail the scientific "rain-making" experiments which the Royal Observatory, with the co-operation of the PWD, intend to engage in next May.

The important point to appreciate is that while our meteorological experts will lay no claim to positive results, there will be nothing "happy-go-lucky" about the experiments.

Residents will remember two early post-war attempts to "make rain" in Hongkong. They had to fail, largely because they were carried out lacking meteorological data and a sufficiently scientific preparation. The result was the public wiped off "rainmaking" as wishful thinking.

The endeavours which the Royal Observatory and PWD will be making shortly to produce stimulated rain are based on a new, but tried theory, and for this reason deserve to be taken seriously.

If successful, the possibility of "manufacturing" rain during the early part of Hongkong's summer are immeasurable.

One all-too frequent sight in May and June is a sky laden with heavy, dark clouds which slowly float across the Colony without yielding a drop of water.

If these clouds can be made to "open up" over our catchment areas in Kowloon it guarantees a substantial relief from Hongkong's chronic water shortage.

The acting Director of the Royal Observatory and his governmental colleagues merit the public's congratulations for the initiative they are showing in trying to augment Hongkong's erratic rainfall with more constant man-made downpours.

There will be no recriminations if the trials fail to yield hoped-for results. But everybody will be wishing the experts the best of luck in their experiments.

For if they do succeed, they will bring incomparable benefits to the Colony.

Highlights
Of Today's
China Mail

Here are the highlights of this Saturday's China Mail features section:
P. 6: The last chapter of Wolf Magner's ROW escape thriller, "Bluff Was My Armour."
P. 7: Chapman Pincher's new series: "Do You Tell Lies?"
P. 8: Mary Hampson reports that Latin lovers are wanted urgently by women all over the world. Jean Foucher Cretau concludes his series: "Hidden Mysteries of the Undersea Jungle."
P. 9: Anne Scott-James writes on the latest Paris fashions.
P. 16 & 17: Local sports prospects reviewed in full.

Signal
Victory For
Eisenhower

Washington, Feb. 18. President Eisenhower's new liberalized Trade Bill passed through the House of Representatives here tonight without change, despite a move by high tariff interests to amend it.

The Bill will extend the life of the expiring Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for three more years and give Mr. Eisenhower new authority to reduce tariffs on selected items by 16 per cent over that period.

The vote was 295 to 110. Approval of the bill, one of Mr. Eisenhower's greatest legislative successes so far, came shortly after he had intervened in the close struggle with a last-minute plea for support for his foreign economic programme.

Before the final vote, the House rejected a motion to send the Bill back to the committee with instructions to strengthen its "escape" clause under which domestic industries can claim tariff protection if they are threatened by imports.

Voting on this was 208 to 199, a seven-vote margin which surprised many observers who had believed the protectionists strong enough to be able to obtain a revision of the clause. — Reuters.

PINEAU FAILS

Paris, Feb. 18. Socialist leader Christian Pineau was defeated today in his attempt to form France's 21st post-war government. The official count confirmed that M. Pineau was defeated by 305 votes to 270. — Reuters.

Tests Next May
By Government
Departments

WILL APPLY NEW THEORY

By Robin Hutcheon

Hongkong Government meteorologists plan to carry out "rainmaking" experiments on the Peak in May. They will try out a method—new to the Colony—which has had a striking success already in New South Wales, Australia where climatic conditions were almost identical with those in Hongkong.

The experiments will be undertaken by the staff of the Royal Observatory in conjunction with the Department of Public Works and the Water Authority.

The theory they will be testing has never been given a trial in the Colony before. There will be no aeroplanes involved and there will be no "seeding" of clouds with dry ice or silver iodide.

INSTEAD, HONGKONG METEOROLOGISTS WILL SPRAY JETS OF FINE WATER DROPS INTO THE CLOUD BANK.

According to these scientists, both the dry ice and the silver iodide methods are unsuitable in the Colony's warm climate and the cloud conditions that exist in the early summer months.

The virtue of the water-seeding plan is that technically it is simple to carry out. It involves no more than this:

- laying three iron pipes 20 ft long horizontally near the summit of the Peak. Each pipe is bored with a number of holes to give off a fine spray of water drops with a diameter of between 1/250th and 1/1,000th of an inch;
- erecting auxiliary pumps to carry the water to the pipes and to maintain an adequate pressure;
- and then when the Peak is covered in cumulus cloud—just turn the tap on.

Financially the project involves very little direct expenditure. And for those who may be worrying about a new impost on our already depleted water stocks, the meteorologists give the assurance that the quantity of water used in the experiment will be "negligible." In fact, they can use non-drinking water, or even sea water if necessary.

The tests—and the scientists stress they are only tests—will be made on alternate days throughout May, beginning at midnight and ending early in the afternoon of each day.

What Happens

Broadly speaking this is what happens. In May, towering "cotton-wool" cumulus clouds form over Hongkong very similar to those which were successfully water-

seeded in New South Wales. The prevailing winds blow from the south or southwest so that these clouds pass over the Peak and head in the general direction of Kowloon and the New Territories.

May is the most suitable month for the experiment, because although these same cloud conditions exist in June and July, typhoons are apt to disrupt conditions.

Now a cloud is, after all, only a vast formation of tiny particles of water which swirl around in the currents and updrafts of the air. There are two kinds—the "unstable" or rain-producing cloud and the "stable" clouds which produce no rain. In the "stable" cloud the particles or drops of water are too small and too light to fall as rain. While in the "unstable" cloud, some water drops are bigger and heavier and unite with the finer particles to form, and eventually fall as rain.

So what the Hongkong "rainmakers" are trying to do is to make the "stable" clouds, that hang uselessly over the Colony, bathing us all in buckets of perspiration, into "unstable" clouds by injecting them with the bigger drops which they hope can then unite with the finer particles to form rain.

These injected drops will not fall back on the Peak again because the updrafts in the cloud and the wind blowing against the Peak will carry them up into the body of the cumulus bank.

Initially at any rate, the meteorologists are not out to save our desperate water position, but they are simply trying to prove whether the theory is correct—that this union of artificial "heavy" drops with the

fine water particles will succeed in turning the fat banks of sterile cumulus into rain clouds.

Pipes On Peak

The three water pipes which the scientists will use to inject the water drops into the cloud will be situated on the ridge of the Peak lying across the direction of the cloud bank. There will thus be a "strip" or "zone" of cloud bearing the water "seeds" which will move across Hongkong towards Kowloon.

And at the Observatory the experts will be strategically situated waiting and watching for results. They will be equipped with rangefinders, theodolites and possibly a radar set which will enable them to "look into the clouds" to deduce what is actually happening to the water seeds they have planted.

The New South Wales tests showed that rain began falling about 25 minutes after injection. Rain gauges all over the Colony will record the rainfall. But how will the scientists know that their seeding has been successful?

Broadly these are the lines they will follow: the injection process will take place on alternate days. The meteorological records show that in a normal summer month each gauge records rain on about the same number of days. Also, if a month is separated into odd numbered and even numbered days, rain falls on about the same number of days in each group.

Rain Gauges

Now quite a number of rain gauges will be in the path of the treated clouds—gauges situated in Kowloon, the

(Contd. on back page, Col. 1)

A New
'Ban Bombs'
Demand By
Russia

London, Feb. 18. Russia tonight urged the United Nations to call a world conference this year to reduce armaments and ban the atom and hydrogen bombs.

In a statement broadcast by Moscow Radio she proposed that the nations should pledge themselves:

- (1) To destroy all stocks of atom and hydrogen weapons and use atomic power exclusively for peaceful purposes;
- (2) Not to increase their armed forces or armaments or their military budgets above the level of January 1, 1955.

In a comment on the forthcoming London conference of the United Nations Disarmament Sub-Committee, Russia said: "The Soviet Union considers that delivering the peoples from the threat of an atomic war is the most important task of the United Nations organisation."

In this first major policy statement by the new regime since Marshal Bulganin replaced Mr. Georgi Malenkov as Premier, Russia asserted that public opinion was demanding the destruction of the atomic and hydrogen weapons. "The Soviet Union declares itself in favour of setting up an appropriate international control for the supervision of these decisions"—destruction of A and H bombs and limitation of armies.

REPEATS COMPLAINT

Russia renewed her complaint that there was no Asian representative on the Disarmament Sub-Committee. The Western Powers had rejected her proposal to include China, India and Czechoslovakia. This had resulted in a composition for the committee which could not be considered satisfactory "and which has already had a negative influence on all its work."

The statement accused Britain, America and France of steps which would lead to speeding up the arms race and said the Paris agreements on rearming Germany were evidence of this.

An international pledge to refuse to use atomic weapons would be an important step towards banning them, Russia said. — Reuters.

SNATCHERS'
\$19,000 HAUL

New York, Feb. 18. Four gangsters today made a haul of \$19,000 by mingling for a few minutes with the workers on a construction job in the heart of the city here.

Working with split second timing they jumped on two men who were just returning from the bank with the construction team's pay roll.

The gangsters who were masquerading as workmen vanished in a waiting car before witnesses even had time to raise the alarm. — Franco-Press.

TODAY'S RACING
SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1 Fleetmaster Colin Strathpeffer Outsider:—Trade Wind.	RACE 1 Fleetmaster Strathpeffer Courtier Outsider:—Trade Wind.
RACE 2 Misty Law Not So Bad So Nice Outsider:—Super-King.	RACE 2 Misty Law So Big Super-King Outsider:—Fleetfoot.
RACE 3 Empire Rose Hiawatha Winsome Stag Outsider:—Five Gold.	RACE 3 Empire Rose Hiawatha Winsome Stag Outsider:—Five Gold.
RACE 4 Can Do Splashing Wheel Same Again Outsider:—Corvette.	RACE 4 Can Do Splashing Wheel Same Again Outsider:—World Peace.
RACE 5 Castle Peak Never Forget Raja Outsider:—Quicksilver.	RACE 5 Castle Peak Never Forget Raja Outsider:—Quicksilver.
RACE 6 Bengal Lancer John Halifax Squadron Leader Outsider:—Kentucky Lad.	RACE 6 Bengal Lancer John Halifax Squadron Leader Outsider:—Kentucky Lad.
RACE 7 Huntington Diana Eagle King Outsider:—Beautiful Phoenix.	RACE 7 Huntington Diana Eagle King Outsider:—Bright Bay.
RACE 8 May Blossom Blossom Time Matador Outsider:—Scrabo.	RACE 8 May Blossom Blossom Time Matador Outsider:—Scrabo.
RACE 9 Cirrus New Mind Fieldmaster Outsider:—Fidra.	RACE 9 Cirrus New Mind Fieldmaster Outsider:—Eudora.

Atomic Test Carried
Out In Nevada

New York, Feb. 18. An atomic bomb dropped from an Air Force bomber exploded over the Nevada proving grounds today to mark the opening of the 1955 winter-spring nuclear tests.

The Atomic Energy Commission confirmed the bomb went off at 8 p.m., GMT over Yucca Flat, 75 miles northeast of Las Vegas.

It was the 32nd nuclear blast in Nevada and the 33rd in the United States.

The explosion, apparently of nuclear weapon in the "small" category, was heralded here by a small lightning-like flash that momentarily whitened the cloud—covered northeastern horizon. Minutes later a thunder-like rumble was heard as the sound wave arrived.

Within five minutes, the signature of the A-bomb—its towering, billowing mushroom cloud—wrote its way vertically 10,000 feet into the sky.

An aircraft from the special weapons centre at Kirtland Air Force Base, New Mexico, delivered the much-postponed first "shot" in the test series, dubbed "Operation Teapot." — United Press.

How not to give
a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observances which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.


For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of good-humoured banter.

Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

AND ABOVE ALL, do not on any account provide long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of hospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce content. The party would be a success.

ROSE'S
Lime juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

SANTAL SOAP



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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

4 SHOWS TO-DAY

Extra Performance "SABRINA" To-morrow KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 12.30 p.m.

COMBINING THE FINEST TALENTS OF FOUR ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS

HUMPHREY BOGART
AUDREY HEPBURN
WILLIAM HOLDEN

Sabrina

PRINCESS TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m.

Triple-Feature - Educational - Funnies

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"BEAR COUNTRY" "WATER BIRDS"

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All in Technicolor - Reduced Prices

LEE Theatre

AIR-CONDITIONED, OZONIZED AND WARM

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

Their Love As Daring As It Is Beautiful! Their Embraces As Innocent As A Baby's Kiss!

AWARD THE GRAND PRIX INTERNATIONAL AT THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL AS THE BEST FILM OF THE WORLD

"ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS" (WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

ULLA JACOBSSON
FOLKE SUNDQUIST
EDWIN ADOLPHSON

Directed by ARNE MATTESSON

A LYRICAL SWEDISH FILM
Released thru Pathé-Oceanic Ltd.

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON RKO Radio Presents

WALT DISNEY'S COLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

RITZ SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN

ERROL FLYNN
VIVECA LINDFORS

With ROBERT DOUGLAS, ALAN HALE, RONNIE BRECHT, ANN RUTHERFORD

Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN

ORIENTAL SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

IN 4-TRACK, HIGH FIDELITY, DIRECTIONAL STEREO- PHONIC SOUND - ON WIDE SCREEN!

Black Widow

GINGER ROGERS
VAN HEFLIN
GENE KELLY
GEORGE RAFT

Directed by ROBERT ALTON

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m. "RASHO-MON" R.K.O. Radio Picture

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

CAPITOL and LIBERTY: "Beautiful Stranger". Crime and romance on the Riviera. Ginger Rogers, Herbert Lom, Stanley Baker, Jacques Bergerac.

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Sabrina". Light comedy involving a chauffeur's daughter and the sons of the house. William Holden, Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn.

HOOVER: "Madame Du Barry". The rise and fall of the favourite. Martine Carol, Daniel Ivernel, Gianna Maria Canale.

LEE: "One Summer of Happiness". The short-lived happiness of two young lovers. Ulla Jacobsson and Folke Sundquist.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Heroine". A Chinese picture.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "White Heat". Cagney as a gangster, Mayo as his wife. James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Prince of Players". The life of Edwin Booth. Richard Burton, Raymond Massey, Margie McNamee, John Derek.

COMING

CAPITOL and LIBERTY: "Devil Girl From Mars". Science fiction. "Men of the Fighting Lady". Naval Air Arm action during the war in Korea. Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon, Louis Calhern, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn, Frank Lovejoy.

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "About Mrs Leslie". The lady of the title looks at her turbulent past. Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan.

HOOVER: "Zorro's Dream". A French-Italian production with English sub-titles.

LEE: "Heart of the Matter". A Colonial policeman wrestles with his conscience. Trevor Howard, Maria Schell, Elizabeth Allan.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Square Ring". Boxing. Ray Kendall, Jack Warner, Robert Beatty. "The Young Lovers". Two ideologies and their innocent victims. Odile Versola, David Knight.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "49th Man". Can the A-bomb be smuggled into the U.S.A.? John Ireland. "A Star Is Born". Show business, its romance and tragedy. Judy Garland, James Mason, Jack Carson.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "A Life In The Balance". Murder, with a child as witness. Ricardo Montalban, Anne Bancroft, Jose Perez.

What fun "Sabrina" is. Fun, that is, except for one unfunny scene in which William Holden is pushed into a chair by his brother, Humphrey Bogart, who knows that in his pockets are two champagne glasses. Had the scene just been left there perhaps it wouldn't have been too bad—one could have dismissed it as the one sour note in an otherwise delightful concoction. Unfortunately it is played to the death it should have been consigned to before reaching the screen.

The silly thing about the incident is that it is not even in character for Bogart. He's not a vicious person—a bit dull maybe, but it certainly wasn't necessary to indicate his increasing interest in Hepburn (symbolising the lighter side of life) by an incident of this type.

Believing as I do in getting my grouses over first, let me now get down to the more pleasant business of picking out the attractive things about "Sabrina."

For a start there's Sabrina herself—Audrey Hepburn. What a delight it is to listen to her voice, with its beautifully clear diction and pleasing intonation. She speaks a sort of prologue introducing us to the wealthy Larrabee family to whom her father is the very much respected chauffeur. You'll recognise him as the policeman who trapped wily Ray Milland in "Dial M For Murder."

One may or may not deprecate the orgy of publicity attendant on her meteoric rise to stardom, but one cannot ignore her charm and the naturalness that is three-quarters art.

Audrey Hepburn's father is one of those inverted snobs who firmly believes that there should be no social contact between the occupants of different sides of the car's glass screen. His concern at his daughter's schoolgirl infatuation for the playboy brother, William Holden, is rather touching and very well done.

William Holden himself has a light-hearted role with which he has great fun and for once Humphrey Bogart sheds his worldly-wise air and becomes almost dull, I felt uncomfortably near to becoming sorry for him at times—which is obviously what producer-director Billy Wilder intended.

Martha Hyer looks as beautiful as ever in her featherweight part, and the Larrabee father, played by Walter Hampden, has probably some of the best lines in the picture.

Guaranteed to be painless, this is a piece of light entertainment you shouldn't miss.

NEW GINGER ROGERS

Once or twice while watching "Beautiful Stranger" I reflected on the stock reactions that were all Ginger Rogers needed in her dancing days. Twinkling feet and a happy personality were her stock in trade then and with the casual attitude of youth she probably did not give much thought to her post-30 career.

Something must have happened to change that attitude because first, in "Forever Female" and now in "Beautiful Stranger" she shows that she must have been learning something other than dance routines.

This is a well-constructed thriller, touching lightly on her position as the mistress of a wealthy counterfeiter and more deeply on her love affair with a young artist. The story is credible and lacking in the melodrama usually associated with international crime, without becoming flat because of its absence.

Particularly likable is the new young man, Jacques Bergerac. Knowing that this is his first excursion into films and that he is Ginger Rogers' husband leads one to anticipate that he might not be very good and that she might be carrying him. Not at all. He's perfectly sure of himself and projects a sincerity uncommon in inexperienced actors. Perhaps I should have said "inexperienced film actors" because his technique was learned in the theatre.

Stanley Baker gave me quite a surprise too. The last time I can remember seeing him was in a tough little picture called "A Man Called Sledge" and he certainly wasn't

impressive in it. Speaking and behaving for the most part quietly in "Beautiful Stranger" he manages to suggest a dormant violence that is far more frightening than the popular conception of a villain.

As his wife, Margaret Rawlings is theatrical without the ease of manner that the cinema demands and Herbert Lom also incorporates too many mannerisms into his characterisation of the spoiled little crook.

This is a British picture and the emphasis on detail that we've come to expect from such productions is there once again.

DU BARRY: A LADY?

Martine Carol makes Madame du Barry a pert miss who is not so much immoral as amoral. Coming into the life of the ageing Louis XV when he badly needed a cure for his boredom, the real Madame du Barry was a clever schemer.

In the picture, however, she's rather a strident young woman, careless with the money the King gives her and easily led by her "protectors".

The dialogue is much quicker than in the average French picture that we see out here and although the sub-titles cover the broad outline of the action, a great deal remains untranslated. As usual the humour is broad and although accompanied by metaphorical wind doesn't leave much to the imagination.

Martine Carol, in spite of the lightness of her build and the delicacy of her features, manages to suggest that this royal mistress was a bit of a hard-boiled, the stately beauty of Gianna Maria Canale offering a decided contrast.

How I wish I could say I thoroughly enjoyed "Prince of Players". I wasn't fully prepared to and even when, after three-quarters of an hour of disjointedness and flamboyance, I was reluctantly forced to admit that I was bored, I still tried to find something pleasant to think about it.

That "something pleasant" emerged as Raymond Massey's playing of the drunken, mad, inspired father of Richard Burton. Said to say however he was called out comparatively early in the picture to leave the stage free for his two poster boys.

For such an assured young actor as Richard Burton to look unconvincing in his part he must himself have resisted that exciting though Edwin Booth's life must have been, the crown play wasn't doing it.

In "Madame du Barry" he certainly wasn't

impressive in it. Speaking and behaving for the most part quietly in "Beautiful Stranger" he manages to suggest a dormant violence that is far more frightening than the popular conception of a villain.

After seeing "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" I thought John Derek had distinct possibilities as a dramatic actor. On his showing as John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln and brother of Edwin it seems apparent that he should have stuck to Westerns.

He is meant to be an enviable, empty-headed young hoodlum. All he succeeds in being is a dressed-up, self-conscious youngster who needs to learn how to act.

After having stated the rest of the cast so soundly I hardly dare to mention Maggie McNamara. Her ghostly recitation—the only word that fits—of the Juliet lines is embarrassing in the extreme and the show of Burton's expressive face as he deteriorates into farce. Her difficulty with the letter "r" didn't show up in "The Moon is Blue" or "Three Coins in the Fountain" but in "Prince of Players" it is most irritating as her habit of rhyming "our" with "batter", substituting a "w" for the double "r".

"Prince of Players" comes off today.

FILMS IN BRIEF

It was unfortunate that it was decided to show "The Fantastic Adventures of Baron Munchausen" after this column had gone to press last Friday. It is now too late to urge you to see this picture, it had its short-lived run rising on Wednesday and setting on Thursday.

"The Heart of the Matter" will be having a very short run at the Lee theatre next week and it is very much worth seeing.

Trevor Howard, Maria Schell and Elizabeth Allan are all excellent and the atmosphere of Colonial life has been faithfully caught and transmitted to the screen.

SENSITIVE ACTING

"The Young Lovers" is a tender, sensitive picture, only very occasionally descending into the commonplace.

The two people of the title are Odile Versola, whose beauty, unlike the chocolate-box type, seems to come from an inner delicacy, rather than from any regularity of features, and David Knight, an American.

During the first ten minutes of the film I felt that it had been a pity to cast the two with such an accomplished actress as Odile Versola. Her portrayal of the girl is so good that it is almost a pity to see her with such a raw actor as David Knight.

countrymen, fellow when with the girl. Later, seeing him in a room with his friend's girl—nice, but brassy, and the type he had presumably associated with before meeting the totally different Odile, I felt that he was playing the part as an assured young man would who confronted with a shy girl.

The streets of London form a dramatic background to the first half of this film. As the girl and the boy, complete strangers as yet, hurry from different directions to converge on Covent Garden, the London evening crowd pushes indifferently on its way past them. You'd have to do something pretty startling to distract a busy Londoner's attention on his own business, and the loneliness it is possible to feel as a foreigner in this wonderful city is made very apparent.

Then the everyday world is suddenly shut out as these two, both dreamers at heart, brought by chance into adjoining seats, surrender slowly movement of Swan Lake. Ballet is something one can't explain in terms of arabesques and entrechats. It is best conveyed by watching the absorption of one of its disciples. The parted lips and rapt expression of Odile Versola make communication between the young people, and when she is suddenly overcome by memories and associations and rushed weeping from the auditorium, it is completely natural that he should follow her.

From this fairy tale world this has allowed them to meet, untroubled by the stresses and suspicions of their own, we are taken into their real lives.

She is the daughter of an official of a foreign state, obviously unfriendly to the Western powers; he is with the American Embassy, and as such, subject to security checks and periodical loyalty tests.

For several reasons, neither report their meeting and subsequent friendship, naively imagining that it has escaped the attention of the watchers. This in turn generates more suspicion and every innocent move is given a guilty motive.

The web closes in on these two youngsters, yet so cleverly is this film directed and produced that the intrusion of the coarse realistic forces outside their love affair, though authentic to the smallest detail, seem never to penetrate the delicate veil surrounding them.

All the supporting characters are perfect, making this a film that no lover of sensitive acting should pass by.

For French Film Fans

With the object of demonstrating that all French pictures are not merely bedroom farces with a maximum of double entendres and a minimum of clothing, Alliance Française, in conjunction with the Sino-British Film Group is showing three carefully chosen pictures at the China Fleet Club next week.

Monday's picture is a romantic comedy called "Julietta" with Dany Robin in the title role. It is a light piece with the theme of girl meeting boy, complications arising and girl finishing with boy in the final reel.

"Jeux Interdits" is on a very different subject. Based on the tragedies brought about by war, it tells of two lonely children who, in the middle of destruction, are so obsessed by the feeling of death around them that they make a game of it. This picture won the Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival in 1953.

The third picture, to be shown on February 25 is also tragic in theme. Not the tragedy of death, but of life. "Le Garçon Sauvage" is the son of Marie, a prostitute. Up to the age of 11 he is trained from one place to another as Marie's circumstances change. Suddenly Marie meets what she thinks is the one great love of her life, unfortunately for her and for the boy this great love is an idiot, content to let Marie support him until her money runs out.

Except for the first, these pictures do not use material that Hollywood would be interested in and they would probably have only a limited appeal. It shows the French people here, that it is good to know that some of the best acting in the world is being done in France, and that pictures are being made which are not only good, but are also interesting.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

CAGNEY BREAKS LOOSE

WHITE HEAT

JAMES CAGNEY
VIRGINIA MAYO

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S 5 SHOWS "White Heat" EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY RKO presents Lox Barker "TARZAN'S PERIL" Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

HOOVER NOW SHOWING

2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE MOST COLOSSAL & COLORFUL SPECTACLE! STORY OF A WOMAN WHO ROCKED AN EMPIRE!

MARTINE CAROL

Madame du Barry

EASTMANCOLOR

with Andre Luguet • Gianna Maria Canale
Daniel Ivernel • Marguerite Pierry

A Franco-Italian Coproduction
(with English Sub-titles)

HOOVER SPECIAL REQUEST MATINEES

SUNDAY AT 10.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.

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TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. ASIA PICTURES PRESENTS

娥 "THE HEROINE" 楊

A Chinese Picture in Mandarin PARTLY IN EASTMANCOLOR

SHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Alexandrie DUMAS

L'Atteine Margot

JEANNE MOREAU
ARMANDO FRANCIOSI
ROBERT FORTES
HENRI GENCE

With English Subtitles

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m. AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES William Holden in "UNION STATION"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

At 65 Charlie Chaplin Is Still Making Films

But he's getting "too old for skiing"

Geneva. Charlie Chaplin, after two years of self-imposed exile from the United States, is hard at work on a new movie but ready to admit, at 65, he's getting too old for skiing.

"I'd like to live for 200 years," Chaplin told some friends the other day. "Life keeps expanding. It's amazing how little you know."

He also mentioned having spent a sleepless night wondering whether he should go skiing or not. He decided, finally, he was too old for that sort of thing.

While age has whitened Chaplin's hair, it has not slowed him down. He is doing the script and music for a movie he hopes to start shooting within a year. He dabbles in painting, visits business associates abroad, and is planning a trip to Africa. Chaplin, a British subject, surrendered his U.S. citizen-

ship in 1953 after being notified he would face a hearing on his alleged "leftist" political views if he went back to America.

15-Room Villa

Since then he and his pretty 29-year-old wife Oona, daughter of the late American playwright, Eugene O'Neill, have lived with their five children in a 15-room, £120,000 villa on the shores of Lake Geneva.

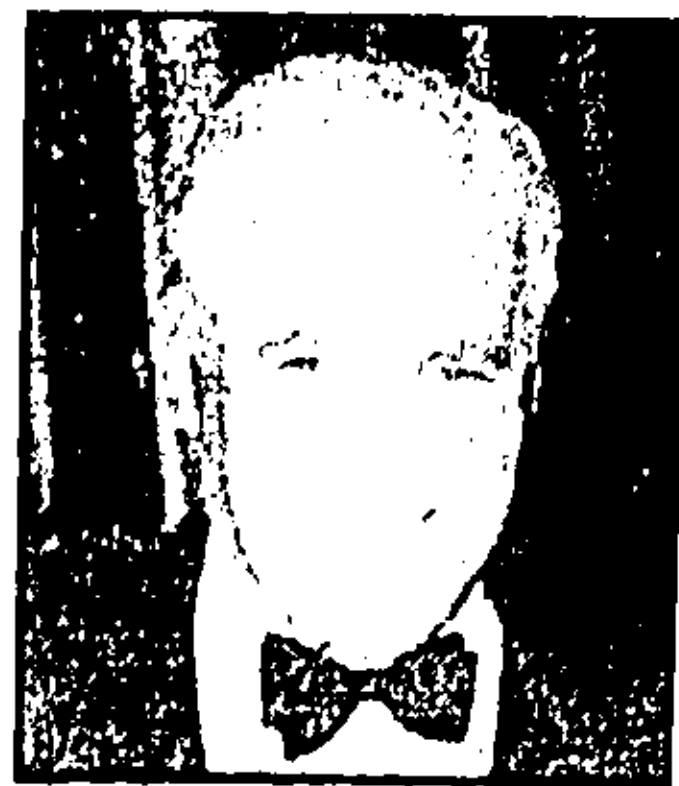
The Chaplins are party-goers and party-givers. Their visitors have ranged from former Queen

price. He may stop for a glass of wine at an inn. He likes to chat with village workmen. His children attend the village school.

Oona denies reports she may leave Chaplin to return to the United States. She is busy looking after the children and overseeing a staff of four servants at the villa.

Chaplin's friends say the ageing actor is as "sprightly and bustling as ever" and it is known he still has his famous outbursts of temper.

Recently a local court ordered him to settle up some back salary owed to his former secretary, Mrs. Isabelle Deluz. Mrs. Deluz said she quit her job after a "terrible scene" with Chaplin. He had lost his temper, she said, because she ordered the wrong colour tiles for his swimming pool. —United Press.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

They're Going ROUND THE WORLD IN A JEEP

Which Floats!

London. Benjamin Frederick Carlin, who crossed the Atlantic in an amphibious jeep three years ago, is starting on his travels again and this time expects to go right around the world.

The 42-year-old Australian and his Boston-born wife, Eleanor, plan to leave England for Australia only this year in their jeep "Half Safe".

From Australia they will go to San Francisco and thence to Montreal, where Carlin started driving towards Europe six and a half years ago.

Carlin, a mining engineer from Perth who served in the Indian Army during World War II, boasted to a friend once that a man could drive an amphibious jeep around the world under its own team, crossing the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans in the process.

His friend laughed. So Carlin bought a surplus U.S. Army "duck" and set out in June 1948 from New York bound for the Azores. A broken bearing stopped him 270 miles out and he was ignominiously towed off to Montreal by a tanker.

Amazed The World

Carlin refused to give up. In July, 1950, he sailed the 19-foot "duck" out of Halifax and to the world's amazement landed in March, 1951, at Cape July in Spanish Rio de Oro on the west coast of Africa.

From there he drove to London via Casablanca, Tangier, Gibraltar, Spain, Portugal, France, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and France. He has been in London ever since.

Carlin said he had spent the last two and a half years rebuilding the "duck". He will spend the next month completing negotiations for publication of a book describing his Atlantic crossing and stocking up for the next stage of his trip.

Later this month he and his wife will begin driving "Half Safe" across Europe and on to Istanbul, Aleppo, Damascus, Tehran and then across to New Delhi and Calcutta. He will then go by sea to the Malaya coast, and by land and sea through Indonesia to Australia. After visiting his native country he will go via Singapore to Saigon, the Philippines, Formosa, Okinawa, Japan, Alaska, San Francisco and Montreal. —United Press.

Leaning Tower 'saved by my idea'

Says An Englishman, Aged 74

Turning out some old papers, 74-year-old Mr. William Lambert remembered a 22-year-old grievance. He claims that the Italian government used his idea to prevent the Leaning Tower of Pisa from collapsing.

Said Mr. Lambert, of Dane Valley Road, Margate: "I have received nothing for the idea except some letters of thanks from Rome and London."

This is his story. In 1932 he read that one-eighth of an inch separated the tower from destruction. It would fall in two years unless some means was found of saving it.

"The Italian government," he read, were offering a fortune to anyone who could save the tower.

The next day he went to the local library and read all he could about the Tower of Pisa. Then he produced

drawings in which he suggested bracing the tower with five wires, then pumping cement under the foundations.

These Mr. Lambert sent to Rome. Now Mr. Lambert is wondering how to prove his claim.

—(London Express Service.)

WATTS IN A CAT

New York. When you put a cat on a cold day it makes electricity. But how much?

The Edison Company reports today that to light a 75-watt bulb for a minute would take 2,000,000,000 cat pats.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Is it an important call, mother? Alice is playing her new record album for me!"

Mussolini's Subway To Nowhere Opening At Last

The Rome subway is going to open at last—16 years after Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini ordered work to begin.

Most Romans don't know it, but the two-car trains have already started running—on trial trips preparatory to the official opening in a few days.

The seven-mile "Metropolitana" has cost about £7 million.

But there is only one trouble. The line doesn't go anywhere.

In magnificent splendour, the subway runs from the main station in the centre of Rome out to a lovely meadow seven miles away.

Nine Stops

Not counting herds of sheep and an occasional shepherd, the nearest inhabitants are some Italian Army units a mile and a half away. With nine stops en route, it takes 11 minutes to get to the meadow, a picnic ground near the site of Mussolini's dream of a world fair. By car it takes 45 minutes.

You enter the main station beneath Rome's modern train terminal to find yourself sur-

rounded by long gleaming marble corridors, lighted with neon tubes enclosed in hand-wrought lanterns.

There are plans for turnstiles, but these have not been installed yet.

Each streamlined grey-blue car seats 52 but can take 280 "sardines" in the best subway fashion. There are no straps above and standing passengers have to hang on strategically placed vertical bars.

The first stop is near St. Peter in Chains, the Basilica built in 42 A.D. in which were put the chains believed to have been worn by St. Peter. Here the 20-foot-wide tunnel is at its deepest, 54 feet.

Next stop is the Colosseum, where no one lives. Stop No. 3 is the Circus Maximus, where Roman Emperor watched chariot races 1,000 years ago.

The subway leaves the tunnel at the Pyramid of Cestius and the Protestant Cemetery, where the poets Keats and Shelley are buried.

Then it stops at three stations near workers' districts before reaching its destination at the meadow.

The life and future expansion of the subway depend on the workers' reaction. —United Press.

Space Ship Interior For Airport Tower

London. From a grey-and-black marble embarkation point half a mile from London Airport, one can make a 50-second journey to the door of a "spaceship". Once inside, one can sit at the controls of the circular "ship" and forget about poisons and oxygen masks.

One would be sitting in the new London Airport control tower—a glazed penthouse perched on the rooftops.

The 50-second journey: a trip in a lift to the seventh floor of the control building.

Stretched out on either side, near completion lies the London Airport of the future.

Half-mile tunnel. The seven-story building will house hundreds of airport workers as well as the airport management headquarters, medical centre and restaurant.

When the airport is split in two in April, and Continental services move to the new central area, the old airport and the new will be joined by an 880-yard tunnel.

Telecommunications and air traffic control equipment is now being installed in the tower building. —London Express Service.

Old Russian Nobility Make Good

New York.

Members of the old Russian nobility are having the last laugh at persons who joke that many doormen and waiters are grand Dukes in disguise.

A number of the nobility, who lost everything they had as Soviet Communism's first victims 37 years ago, have made a comeback in the new world. They may have started out as factory workers or cab drivers, but a lot of them are on "Easy Street" today.

The Russian Nobility Association, an organization dedicated to keeping an eye on Russia's old "first families," reports that at this country of its 300 members in this few years have done well. Those who need help get it from the Association.

An official of the organization, a former Army colonel who can trace his ancestry back to the time of Russia's first reigning prince, said its members include a few millionaires who did not have a cent or know a word of English when they arrived here after the 1917 revolution.

Still Drives Taxi

Among the nobles who have thrived on democracy's free enterprise are bank vice-presidents, college professors, two hotel presidents, engineers, scientists and United Nations translators.

The last of the doormen has retired on a pension, the colonel reported. One elderly woman is working as a baby sitter and there is only one old aristocrat still driving a taxi. He stayed behind the wheel because he liked the work.

The colonel said success for the White Russians depended largely on how well and how fast they learnt English. When he reached New York 31 years ago with \$25 in his pocket, he took a job peeling potatoes in a hospital until he learnt English. Later he bought a Vermont farm. Now he devotes most of his time to Russian genealogy.

Officials of the Russian Nobility Association said most members have become U.S. citizens—and none entertains the slightest hope of ever going back to Russia. They talk about the good old days of Czarist Russia when they get together, though. —United Press.

A Tough Job For Rockefeller Jr

Washington. Nelson Rockefeller, energetic 46-year-old grandson of the oil tycoon, has been given a tough assignment by the American Government.

As "special assistant" to President Eisenhower, Rockefeller will help to direct American efforts to win friends throughout the world with special emphasis on convincing people behind the Iron Curtain that the Communists have lied about America.

Nelson Rockefeller enjoys hard arguing.

During the Prohibition days it was Nelson Rockefeller (an opponent of Prohibition), who talked America's number one teetotaler into making a statement supporting repeal of the unpopular law. The teetotaler was John D. Rockefeller, senior, Nelson's grandfather.

John D. gave in

Nelson took his grandfather on a tour of mid-Manhattan, where he pointed out more than a score of "speakeasies" within a few blocks. All were operating with the apparent approval of the police.

"And, grandpa," said Nelson, "they're all on your property."

John D. issued his famous statement in favour of the repeal of Prohibition.

Another success for Nelson's persuasiveness was when he talked his family into giving to the United Nations the New York property upon which their headquarters are now built. That cost the Rockefeller family \$4,000,000.

Nelson held war-time posts in the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. —London Express Service.



Harry Odell says

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE and SIR LEWIS CASSON have captured our hearts. That is why I feel it my duty and extreme pleasure to present them in a final recital at GRANTHAM TRAINING COLLEGE HALL on Tuesday, 22nd February, at 9 p.m. Admission \$12.00 and for Students and the Forces \$4.70. Please reserve your seats at International Films, Ltd., 107, Holland House, Tel. 21832.

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ON PANORAMIC SCREEN

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HERBERT STANLEY
LOM BAKER
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Presented by 20th Century-Fox
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DEATH-CELL AUTHOR WRITING HIS SECOND BOOK

San Francisco.

With only 57 days to live, prisoner-author Caryl Chessman is working hard to finish his second book before the date fixed for his execution.

Following his best-seller, *Cell 2455*, Chessman is writing *Death By Design*, a book which attacks capital punishment.

Chessman, sentenced to death for kidnapping his second wife, is now in the state prison at San Francisco.

Experts believe that if his new book is as sensational as the first, it might arouse public opinion and win him a final reprieve.

Described by the police as one of America's "most

persistent and dedicated" criminals, Chessman is a bitter prisoner.

NO REMORSE. He has already written 600 pages of notes for a third book. In this book, he will strike out at the American penal system—if he lives to write it.

Chessman knows that even if he wins a final reprieve, he faces life imprisonment. But he says, "I have found that I can do something creative. What good would I be to anyone—including myself—if I were six feet underground?"

The first man to be sentenced to death in California, for kidnapping under the State's "Little Lindbergh Law," Chessman still has no word of reprieve.

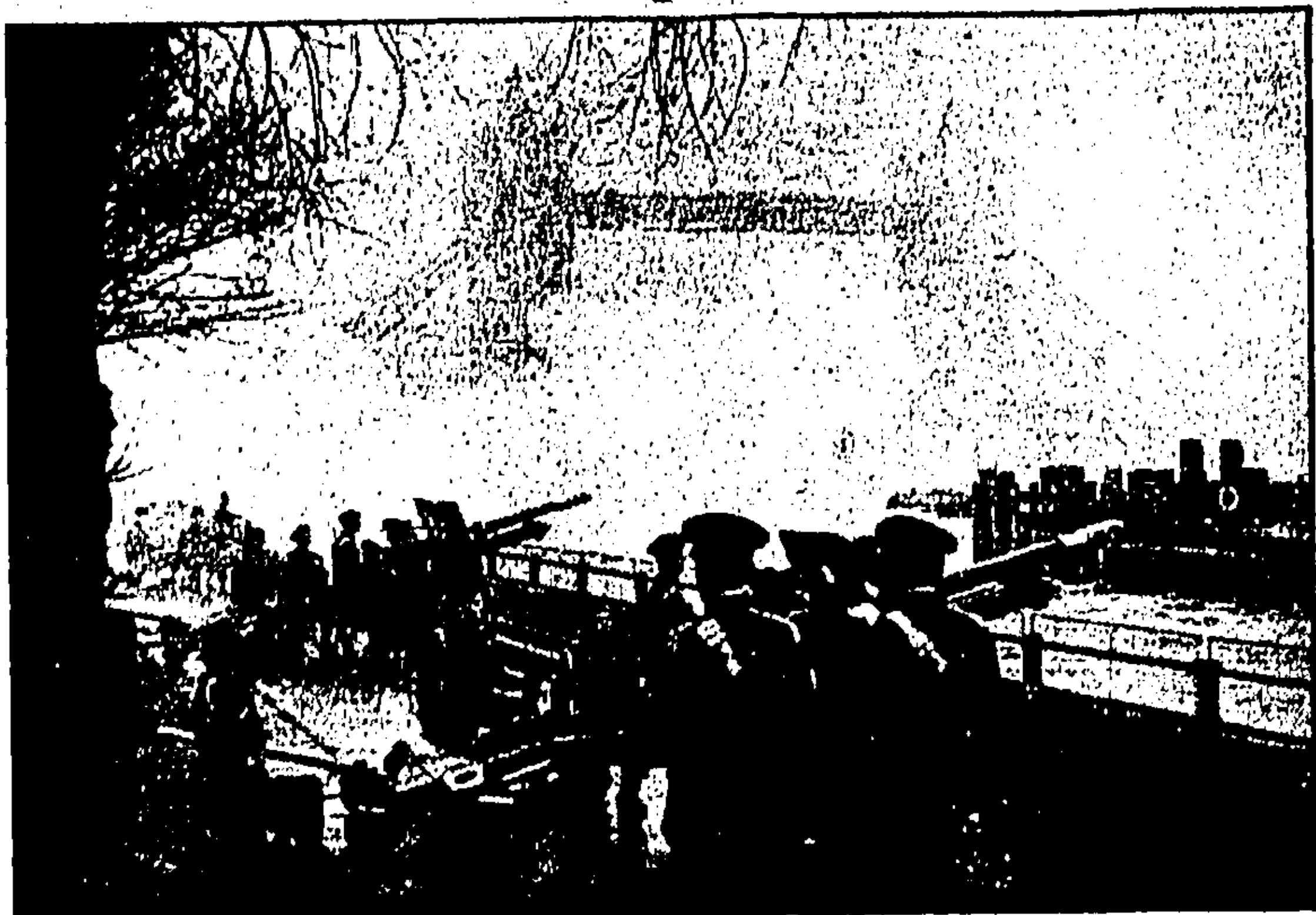
It's Good

and it's good to eat often!

NESTLE'S

NESTLE'S - A VERY GOOD NAME FOR CHOCOLATE

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



"A" BATTERY of the 1st Regiment, the Honourable Artillery Company, firing the 62-gun salute at the Tower of London to mark the third anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty the Queen.



LEFT: With two months of a six-month sentence remitted, Mrs Mavis Wheeler, found guilty of wounding Lord Vivian last July, returned to her D'Oyley Street white cottage. Lord Vivian escorted her. The photographer found them enjoying a cigarette and a chat when he called. (Express)



HAROLD ("TIMBRE") WOOD, aged 52, was the man who caused the first air raid alarm in London on the morning of September 3, 1939. He was flying a four-engine airplane from France to Britain on the day war was declared. A destroyer sighted him and flashed a signal, but Wood did not recognise the code letter of the day. An alarm was set off. Last year's King's Cup winner, Wood is seen at the Royal Aero Club dinner where he received his trophy. (Express)



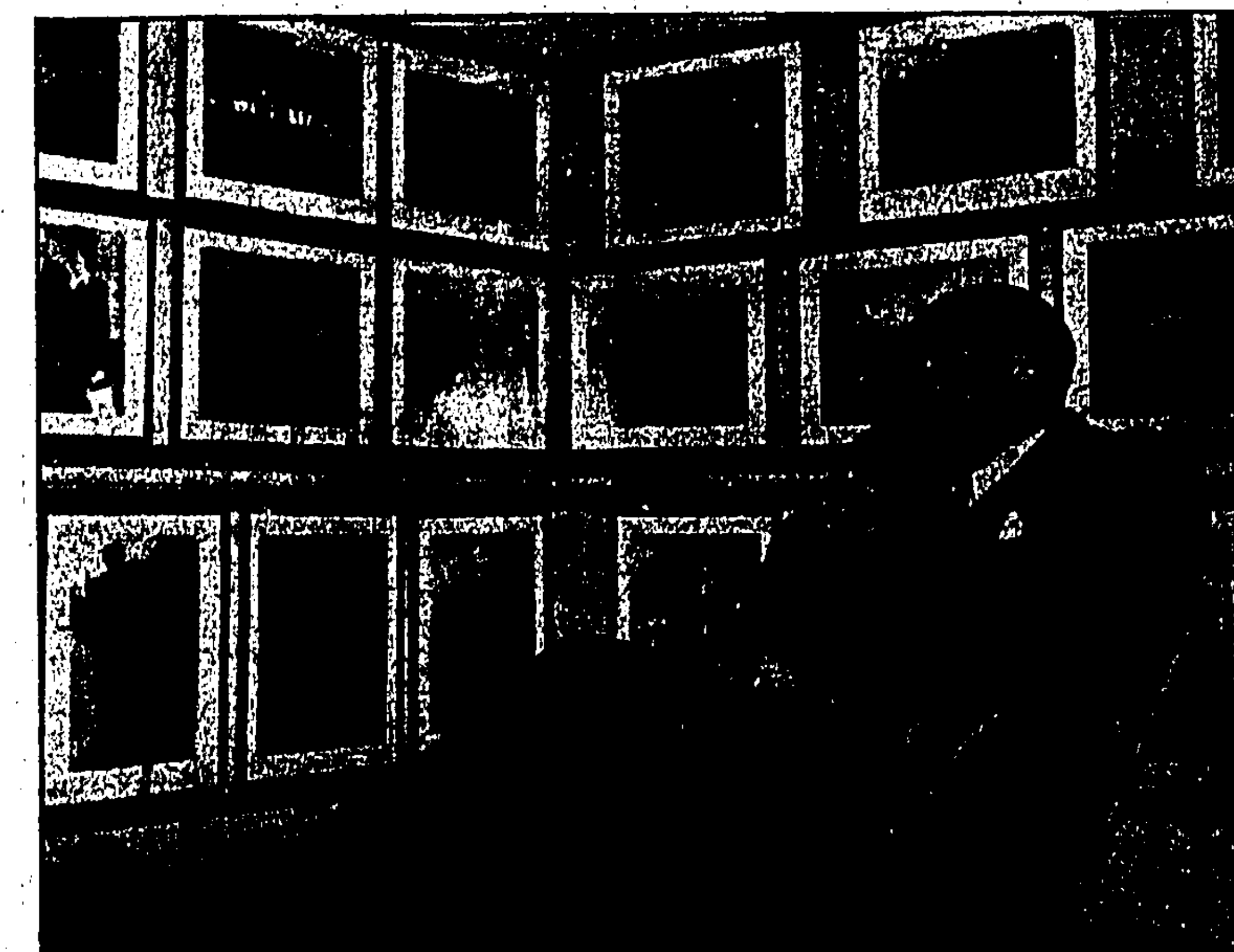
THE fashion houses of Florence, Paris and London have been giving their Spring shows. And at Cruft's Dog Show at Olympia, London, the canine world has also been showing off the latest styles. Tickle, a chihuahua, travelled from his Cheshire home in a comfortable "home with a view." His owner is Mrs Vera Desivick. (Express)



ONE of London's smallest models, 5ft 3in Mrs Dorothea Smither, sets out for her wedding at Kensington Register Office to Mr Anthony Heath. With her is her chief witness, "tall girl" model, 5ft 9in Miss Rosamund Dawson. (Express)



A kiss for the bride from Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British Ambassador in Paris. The bride is ballerina Margot Fonteyn. Standing by is the bridegroom, Dr Roberto Arias, Panamanian Ambassador-to-be in London. (Express)



SIR Winston Churchill attended the National Federation of Building Trades Employers' dinner at the Dorchester Hotel, London, the other evening. He is seen with the President of the Federation and his wife. (Express)



LESLIE LLOYD, aged 15, has no time for girl friends, cinemas or dances — he is much too busy running his own £3,000 coal, wood and coke business at Crewe. The fact was revealed when his father was taken to court accused of running a lorry without insurance. Said Mr Lloyd: "It is my son's business and the lorries are his too." The case was dismissed. (Express)

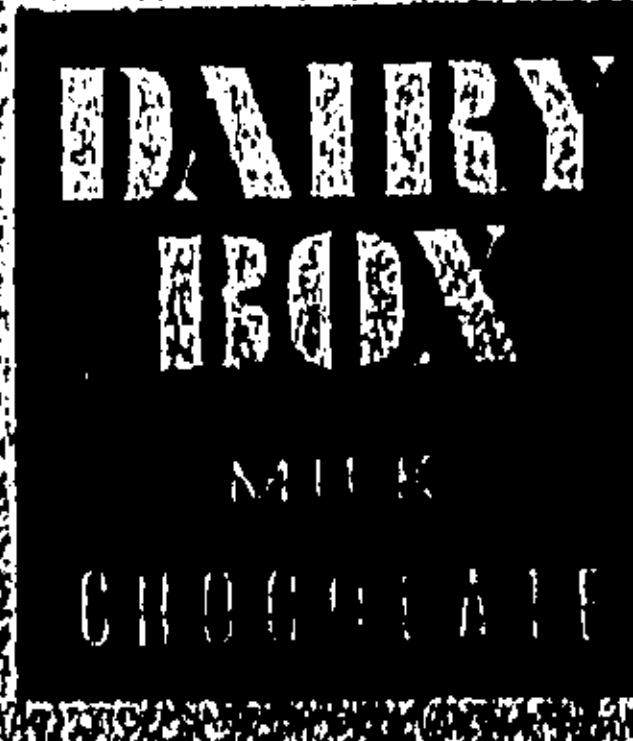


LEFT: England's and Blackpool's world-famous right wing Stanley Matthews was 40 on February 1. He has played football for 20 years, and says he can still put in five years more before retiring. (Express)

MARA LANE, born 24 years ago of a Russian mother and a British father, is one of the most promising starlets of the day. In a little over a year she has made five top-feature films in Rome studios. She is seen on her latest trip to London. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLUFF WAS MY ARMOUR

THE FANTASTIC ESCAPE SUCCEEDS... BUT ONCE AGAIN THE BRITISH HAVE THE LAST LAUGH

Three Nippon rifles aimed at our hearts...

TWO railway tickets saved us from disaster. Two small oblongs of white cardboard. Those tickets, plus a little quick thinking, were our passport to freedom.

We did not realise when we bought them how useful they would be. They were just two ordinary tickets to Chittagong. But they saved us from capture.

The train went to Goalanda (that, near the junction of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra). From there it was a 10-hour journey by river steamer to Chandpur.

That 10-hour trip was one continuous nightmare. The steamer was crammed with Indian and British troops. The mass of soldiers wedged against a refrigerator near the saloon.

Every word we said to each other was overheard. The more fact of our all being squeezed together was a topic of conversation. And conversation was the last thing we desired.

By climbing on to the refrigerator you could see over the river. The flat, treeless banks made the Ganges seem wider than a mile or two across.

The plunging of the paddles was hammering on our weary brains when we were suddenly hailed by a man who was sitting on a rail above the rest.

"Hello, you two blokes there. Have a look-see. May be a few bottles of beer in the fridge."

I opened the door. "About a dozen," I reported.

General uproar. "Hand 'em over. Pass 'em along. Quick."

It was an embarrassing demand. We might easily get into trouble with an officer if we simply handed the bottles over as loot. But if we refused, we should be branded as mugs.

We were rescued from our predicament by an Indian boy, who set up a howl. The beer was for the officers.

"Hear that? For the officers. And what about us? It's always the same story!"

The incident was forgotten when lights shone out on the shore. We should soon be at Chandpur.

But in the darkness, amidst the dingy throng on the quay, the odds had been 1,000 to one. And yet we had got through.

by ROLF MAGENER

wasn't that a glimpse of

suspicious red? It was the unmistakable

mine of the M.P. The Red Caps were forming a nice

orderly cordon along the quay. One of them shouted an order

across. "All members of the Forces stay on board for the

check-up." So now for the screening. We'd had it.

Our first reaction was a sort of paralysis. What was to be done? There was no time to think. We had to do something, and

quickly. We made straight for the lower deck and the gangway.

There were shouts from every side to tell us that we had to stay on board, all in perfectly

good faith. We belonged to their crowd and had to obey orders the same as they had. We forged ahead, undeterred by the indignant clamour.

With all eyes on us we advanced upon the M.P., who was standing there under an

are-lamp. We tried to push past him as though he could not possibly interest us.

"Stop!" he called out, and barred the way. "Didn't you hear me say you were not to leave the boat? Back you go."

"But have civilians to stay on board too?" Heins asked, with an air of utter indifference.

"What d'you mean? You're Forces, aren't you?"

"Is? We're not soldiers." "Not soldiers?" he repeated doubtfully.

"Look at our tickets, then," Heins said. He produced our ordinary railway tickets.

The M.P. examined them. He looked us up and down and back at the tickets. Then the magic words "Pass along" rang in our

ears. The incredible had happened. We had been screened. The odds had been 1,000 to one. And yet we had got through.

We also tumbled on a method of avoiding British military stations. We first inquired of the natives where the nearest one was and pretended to be making for it. At the last moment we would turn aside.

Our supply of water for the day was restricted at most to two water-bottles. We could have drunk two buckets.

Hunger too became a major problem. After Calcutta we did not have a proper meal. As a result we thirled quickly.

All the natives had to offer were mangoes, an oval fruit with a large stone and orange-coloured flesh. It was very juicy and delicious in spite of a

flavour of turpentine. Then the weather changed. It began to rain. I would never have believed continuous rain could be so demoralising. I would willingly have thrown up my chance of freedom for a dry shirt and a cup of hot tea.

Then, one day, when the clouds lifted, we made an exciting discovery. Just ahead was the Naaf River. The Naaf was the Burma frontier.

For days and nights we travelled this way. Sometimes we commandeered a sampan by telling the village headman we were two British officers on an unannounced tour of inspection and, therefore, our presence should not be mentioned to anyone. We learned several tricks as we plodded on. The first was a way of dealing with sentries.

When a figure leaped at us out of the dark with a tremendous bound and a shout of "Halt!" and planted a bayonet in our

stomach, I would say: "We are shibhs, you idiot." Then I would shine a torch on Heins and myself to prove it.

The Indian soldier always muttered confused excuses and let us pass at once.

We also tumbled on a method of avoiding British military stations. We first inquired of the natives where the nearest one was and pretended to be making for it. At the last moment we would turn aside.

The frontier

BUT we were always thirsty. Our supply of water for the day was restricted at most to two water-bottles. We could have drunk two buckets.

Hunger too became a major problem. After Calcutta we did not have a proper meal. As a result we thirled quickly.

All the natives had to offer were mangoes, an oval fruit with a large stone and orange-coloured flesh. It was very juicy and delicious in spite of a

flavour of turpentine. Then the weather changed. It began to rain. I would never have believed continuous rain could be so demoralising. I would willingly have thrown up my chance of freedom for a dry shirt and a cup of hot tea.

Then, one day, when the clouds lifted, we made an exciting discovery. Just ahead was the Naaf River. The Naaf was the Burma frontier.

We sat on the roots of an ancient tree and took off our

They Want To Stay In The Commonwealth

By ROBERT MOORE

London. THREE hundred thousand people are fighting for their right to stay inside the British Commonwealth.

Unless the British Government acts quickly they will, on February 28, become the unwilling subjects of a foreign Power.

They are the dignified, hardy people of the Somali tribes, living their simple, half-nomadic existence under the protection of the British Commonwealth, on the borderlands of Ethiopia and British Somaliland.

By a recent treaty between Britain and the Government of Haile Selassie, their 70-year-old ties of loyalty and affection for the British Empire will be broken.

To plead for a suspension of the treaty while the matter is argued, four men from the disputed lands have arrived in London to meet the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd.

For two of them, 44-year-old Sultan Abdurrahman, of the Haki Awal tribe and 57-year-old Sultan Adilshah, of the Eidagalla tribe, it is the first time they have ever travelled

by any other means than by Arab steed or transport camel.

The tall, grave sultans (the younger is 6ft. 3ins. and the older 6ft. 4ins.) are sure that British politicians will not force their 300,000 countrymen to leave their homes, their flocks, and above all, the British Empire.

They said: "In all the country to be given away—25,000 square miles—there is not one Ethiopian settler."

"If we are cast off, we lose the British justice that settles all our differences by peaceful means and we lose the schools."

"Will Ethiopia give us these things? Ethiopia is a coloured nation and we are coloured."

"But we know that there is something greater than colour. It is the example of justice and truth and good faith we have seen and enjoyed in the British Empire and which has not failed us yet."

"We have promised our people that we shall do all our appeals constitutionally, and through the proper channels."

"We will take the matter to the United Nations Assembly if need be."

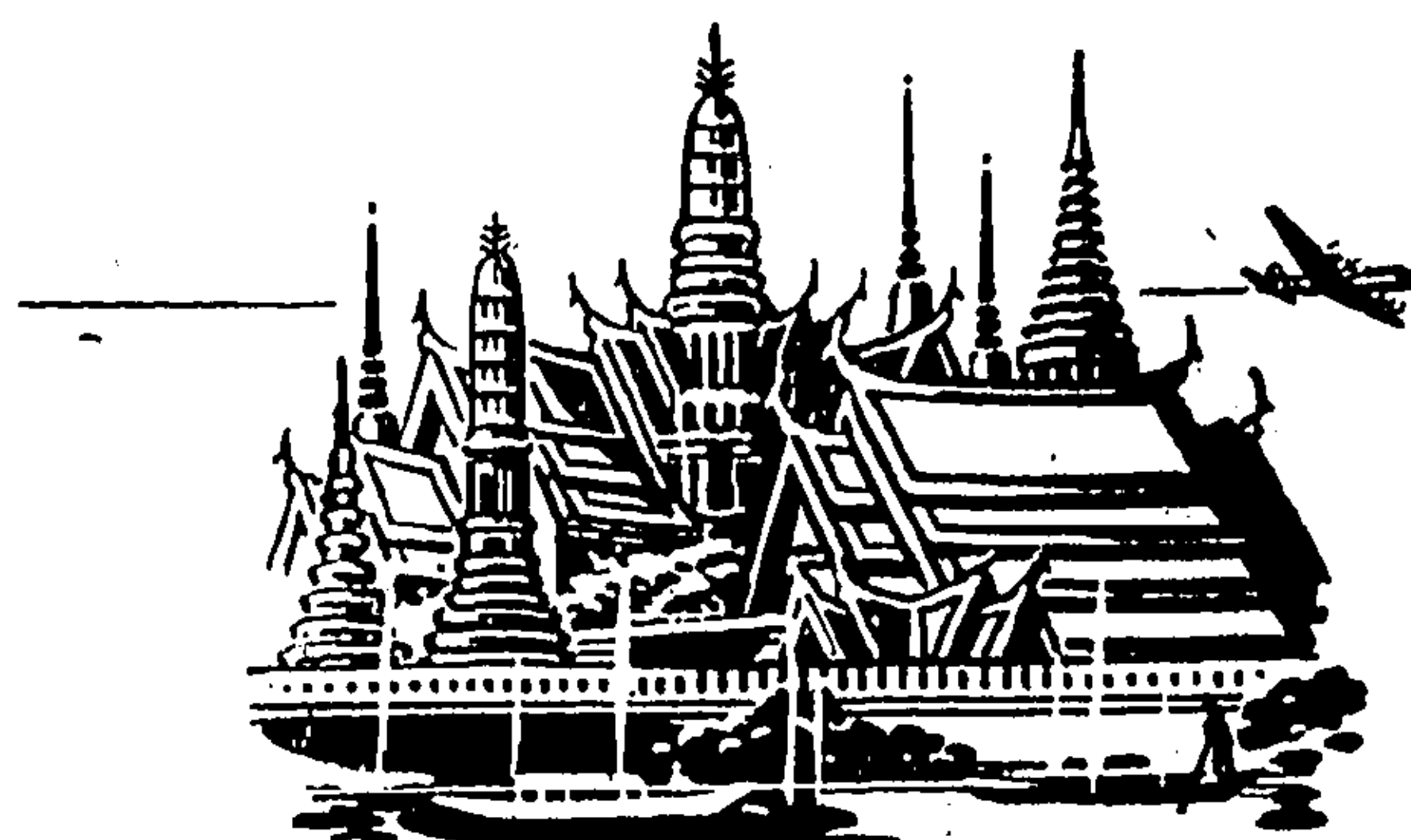
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



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From "Prisoners' Blend" by Rolf Magener. (Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd.)

William Hickey

NO HAGGIS, PERHAPS—BUT
HERE'S A CLUE TO
US, THE BRITISH

I WENT along to hear Mr Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, talk to the Australia Club.

He was so good... so modest... so ironic... so sincere... that I came away thinking that politicians are a wonderful lot of men.

He started off well. "Your Royal Highness," the Duke of Gloucester was there—then on to the other dignitaries, ending up, "Gentlemen" and politicians.

It was almost as if he had read my column. And then he talked of past Commonwealth conferences—and of the one he has come to attend.

"We used to come in the spring," he murmured. "Here we were, in March or April. We could go to Scotland for the week-end and eat a haggis or two."

"Now these people" (that's us the British) "call their meetings in January."

Tact... in blue

"We come over here. We get pneumonia. We die. This is only a slight prophecy on my part. But we know if we do die, Her Majesty's Government, with the tact that characterises it, will have a blue plaque erected. 'Menzies died here.' I think it is revolting."

And then to prove his point he talked about the influenza he had suffered from at a previous conference. At that time, he also spoke to the Australia Club.

"When it was over I turned to the Duke of Gloucester and said, 'Sir, what did I talk about?' If I had replied, 'I don't know. But it was damned good.'"

And then Menzies took us behind the scenes of a Commonwealth conference. "We have just come to the end of the first day of the P.M.'s conference in which you know, we are invariably unanimous. He waited for the laugh. He got it."

He explained how "earnest fellows" come together "from the six corners of the world." "Winston addresses us, and after all," continued Menzies, "that is a wonderful experience."

Ah, naughty!

It was a harmless enough remark. But Menzies managed to put into it the naughtiness of a schoolboy talking about a master.

"When Winston has finished, he turns round to Anthony"—that is Sir Anthony Eden, K.G.—and says, 'Would you care to say something?'

That got another laugh.

A bigger one followed when Menzies added: "There's something common to all Foreign Ministers that make them always willing to say something."

The story continued in the same vein. "Things go on. I make a few statesmanlike remarks... and all the time this is going on—this is a deadly secret—the eminent gentlemen of the Civil Service, who have already written the ultimate communiqué, say, 'Yes, that was a good point.'"

After this somewhat back-handed compliment to the Civil Service, he continued: "And when we have solved all the problems of the world... the communiqué will arrive. We will correct the grammar. Then Winston will arrive and say"—here Menzies unconsciously mimicked the sturred deliberate tones of the P.M.—"I don't like the sense in which you have used that word." And then we all go home...

Gentlemen (loosely)

Then the mood of Menzies changed. He became the spokesman of the Empire.

He spoke of our common ties of blood. "The moment that we begin to lose the conviction that we are one people with one ancestry, we lose almost everything."

In spite of these common ties—which have become, unfortunately, during these conferences, by words of empty platitudes—his explanation of the fact will still be that we will have restrained our spirit and that in the great issues which

confront the world we are on the same side."

He talked of the policy of "divide and conquer" of the "gentlemen of the Kremlin and Peking—I use the term gentlemen in a rather loose sense."

And this led him to proclaim his belief in America's wisdom and peaceful intentions.

"Don't forget history," he said. "In the 19th century, when we were masters of the world, we had many enemies. Strength will always have enemies."

Menzies is so English in his outlook that you would think he had been born in the Cotswolds. He spoke of his dislike of theories. Of his hatred for "clever fellows."

He told his audience: "Don't worry about words and lose no sleep over commentators."

It was wonderful stuff. The room cheered him to the echo.

Hypocrites? No!

It was only as I walked from the "box" back to Fleet Street that I realised that the man who said "Don't worry about words" was a master of words. That the man who told us to dislike theories had a very carefully thought-out theory of life.

I suppose it is understandable that the rest of the world think we are hypocrites. I prefer to think we are a very strange race.

And thinking about the complex mind and Scottish ancestry of Menzies, the torch-bearer of the English way of life, I remembered what someone had remarked about Lawrence of Arabia.

As you know, the book by Richard Aldington, debunking him is the talk of London.

"The trouble about Lawrence," I was told, "is that he was a typical simple Englishman. Not very simple. And not very English."

DO YOU TELL LIES?

CHAPMAN PINCHER SHOWS WHAT GOES ON IN THE MINDS OF WOMEN LIKE "LADY" BINGHAM.

WHILE most of us manage to lie in moderation—social life would be impossible if we always told the truth—others lie so persistently that their lives are largely a sham. Why is this? My inquiries among psychologists and criminologists have shown that there are two kinds of liar, with different personalities:—

1 NEGATIVE liars—people who generally lie only to avoid embarrassing situations. The husband who says he has been kept at the office when he has been drinking the woman who tells the dying patient he will recover, the child who denies breaking the window are examples.

2 POSITIVE liars—who use lies as an essential part of their equipment for achieving their main aims in life.

Odd people

THERE are many grades of positive liar. At the normal end of the scale is the braggart—the persistent line-shooter who distorts the truth to impress, and the girl who compensates for a dull life by romancing about imaginary suitors.

They are usually harmless and may be entertaining, but some positive liars cannot resist making more deliberate use of their vice. They assume false titles, claim false distinctions, and wear decorations they have never earned.

Such a liar was "Lady" Temple Bingham, popular night-club socialite, who was revealed as plain Mrs Bingham when she died last month. False pretences brought her no more reward than under-estimated enemies and servile attention, but it is a short step from

assuming false names to passing false cheques or contracting false marriages.

The probings of psychologists show that some of the people convicted of criminal false pretences are calculating crooks who work out a campaign of fraud based on ingenious lying. This group includes the odd people who feign serious illness to get free board and sympathy in hospitals.

'Off the cuff'

THERE is a much commoner type of criminal liar—the person who lies "off the cuff" to gain immediate and often trivial ends with little thought about consequences. Such people are called pathological liars, a term which implies that their lying is due to some mental abnormality.

They must not be confused with insane patients suffering from delusions. The lunatic who says he is Caesar really believes it. The "Lady" Bingham is always fully aware that they are fakes.

What enables them to "carry on with a sham life which would be intolerable to most people and certainly not worth while? The force which drives them to fraud is the clash of vain ambition with the realisation that they are too weak in character to achieve it the hard way.

Ambition plus because these strange people convince themselves that it is legitimate to claim the honours they are sure they would have attained if fate had not been so unfair to them.

Persistence, self-control, trustworthiness, and ability to face life's problems, say psychologists, all come from a single character-trait.

Borderline

PEOPLE who lack this trait cannot stick at a job; they break down easily under difficulties, and are fussy liars. A study of Army deserters and cowards in the last war confirmed the strong link between lying and weak character. Many pathological liars are on the borderline between

eccentricity and mental disease. Some are over the border, and when reality catches up with them they solve their difficulties by committing suicide, as "Lady" Bingham did.

Others are so deficient in social conscience that they are classed as "psychopaths"—a step nearer insanity. While searching medical records for this inquiry I discovered that Lawrence of Arabia, who has now been labelled a liar by author Richard Aldington, was classed as a "psychopath" 10 years ago.

In a medical essay the late Sir Norwood East, the crime psychiatrist, made this comment on passages of Lawrence's book, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom":—

"These are not the words of a happy man. They are recalled here to accentuate the fact that even the superhuman psychopathic personality may be unable to overcome his constitutional disabilities, and to show that his range of usefulness is restricted if his responses are ruled by perverse urges and inhibitions."

Susceptible

IF Lawrence was an inveterate liar he was unusual in also being a man of action. Most pathological liars are totally lacking in leadership. Instead they are exceptionally susceptible to being led astray by ideas which the normal mind would immediately dismiss.

If a normal person stands blindfold with feet together and is told he is falling, he may sway slightly under the influence of the suggestion. The pathological liar usually sways violently and may fall over.

He is so susceptible to suggestion that if people or circumstances offer the chance of advancement through lying, he takes it. This is what happened to Douglas Stringfellow, 32-year-old American "M.P." who publicly confessed on TV that he had hoodwinked the nation for nine years.

Because his legs were badly injured when he stepped on a land-mine people assumed he had been in battle. He had been a "M.P." for nine years, but he had hoodwinked the nation for nine years.

MISS DORS BEGINS TO FEEL CHILLY

By THOMAS WISEMAN

"We're still doing the place up," explained husband Dennis Gittins.

I said: "Oh, yes." But could not imagine what else they could do to it.

Miss Dors informed me she was writing a book. I think I took it calmly.

"That girl, she's always doing something," said husband proudly.

The tycoon

The spectacle of Miss Dors as a literary girl was unusual; but I decided I liked this toylike tycoon of 23. She is a go-getting Cinderella who went to the Prince's ball by Cadillac, cut the Good Fairy in for a percentage and stayed on after midnight. She is still at the ball.

Today in Value For Money she is making big money. So she must, at least, give her credit for perseverance.

It has taken her eight years, starting at £10 a week, to make delectable pay-off. So she must, at least, give her credit for perseverance.

New she is able to decline with thanks a £100,000 Rank contract. It gives her a good deal of satisfaction to have been offered it—especially as she was fired by same firm when they were paying her about £25 a week. But she believes she can make more money on the open market.

After dinner, the openly entrenched on the floor between arm chair and log fire, her face cuddled by that unbelievable mass of blonde hair she said: "I don't believe in signing long-term contracts. If I'd still been under contract to Mr

Rank I couldn't live like this. Once you've signed, they can hold you to the figure you've signed for, whatever you're worth."

Susan Stephen, who had dropped in after dinner with her husband, said: "Yes, but surely all's fair in love, war and business. If you've signed a contract, why should they pay you more, if they don't have to?"

"Well, they should," said Miss Dors. "You're under contract and look what you're getting. You're worth much more."

I looked at the two girls. Miss Stephen was wearing jeans, sandals and a green shirt. Miss Dors was dressed with equal informality in slacks and a jacket affair. Only Miss Dors' jacket was trimmed at the pockets and neck with mink.

Miss Stephen and husband had arrived in a red two-seater sports car, bought secondhand for £700.

Miss Dors' new car, which supplements the Rolls and the Cadillac, cost £8,500 and is the only one of its kind in the world.

I was led into the garage to inspect this wonder-monster.

That's gold

Mrs Dors pointed to the dashboard and door handles. "I thought it was rust," she said, "and tried to clean it off. But I was told: 'Don't be silly. That's gold.'"

Forming herself into a film company has been one of her most recent moves. Progress as yet is limited to the registration of a title, Mink and Millions, which she is trying very hard to find a story. She gathered that she was anxious to put an end to her career as a pin-up girl and start putting some clothes on. It has even been suggested that she now wants to play a nun. But that is "going to extremes."

Susan Stephen, of course, could play a nun. But that is the last thing she wants to do. "Oh, to get away from these wholesome girls... to be able to be just a little wicked," she sighs.

"Oh to be able to be holy...," sighs Miss Dors. It's a tough life.

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Now tell me, had you any reasons for selecting the Foreign Service as a career, apart from those prompted by Sir Gladwyn's photograph in yesterday's paper?"

MONDAY:

Are Liars Born Or Made?



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ANOTHER OF NESTLE'S GOOD THINGS

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The newest hat line in Paris (and how men are going to hate it) is a big crowd, all crown and almost no brim, like a saucer on a stick. I must warn you that I find it tremendously chic. This version is of natural coloured crushed straw, worn dead level; by Givenchy.



Anne Scott-James at the Paris dress shows reports a completely new silhouette in

BALENCIAGA'S TUNIC LINE AND DIOR'S A-LINE

PARIS fashion is in a muddle. I never remember such a conflict of lines and shapes and colours in Paris before.

TWO WOMEN can go to lunch together—one in a dress as tight and narrow as a lemonade straw, the other in a loose middy bodice and a swirl of pleats. Both will look right.

TWO WOMEN can buy new 20,000-franc hats—one a bonnet to pin on the back of her head, and the other a bit of Dolly Varden nonsense to perch on her forehead. Both will look right.

TWO WOMEN can go to the same evening party—one in a shiny black dress like a female tubal, the other in a short, bell-skirted dress of rose-pink chiffon over a tulle skirt, like a ballerina. Both will look right.

For the moment, anything goes.

But there are trends leading into the future. From the thousands of models I've seen, from the whirl of accessories, from the talk and cross-talk of fashion designers and reporters and buyers, I've sorted out the few facts which seem to me to matter.

I'm not going to give you detailed descriptions of clothes, because I always find them quite incomprehensible (I can't even understand my own notes). Instead, here's a personal, prejudiced, Ten-Point Guide to Paris, which I hope will help you a little when you come to do your spring and summer shopping.

★ There are just two Paris designers you can set the pace for the world, Balenciaga and Dior. Both stick to the long torso and the easy waist.

Each has one completely NEW SILHOUETTE, and these make the news of the season. They will be influential for months or years to come.

Balenciaga has a tunic line: a narrow column made up of a long, narrow, unshaped tunic over an equally narrow calf-length skirt. It's as simple as a piece of classic sculpture.

Dior has his A line which you see in the sketch. He dresses you like a triangle, with your head the apex and your hem the base. The crook of the A is a belt, which may come high or low. The waist is loose.

I THINK: Dior ought to have given it a prettier name. It sounds hard and snooty, but it's feminine and beautiful.

★ THE WAISTLINE may be high or low this season, but it must be easy-fitting. Most dresses and jackets are shaped so that the waist is indicated, but not clasped tight.

I THINK: Dior still needs to be slim. The bodies of the slender French magnificence ripple under their easy-fitting clothes.

★ THE BUST is smaller — or at least appears to be so. Dior still favors the bust, and other designers cut bodices so that the bust retreats somehow or other.

I THINK: We always scream when any new idea comes along. But we like it in the end.

★ SKIRTS vary tremendously, and here I refuse to pick out one line or length as better than another. Dior's are short and full. Balenciaga's are noticeably longer. And both show longer, above-the-knee dresses for evening. Every house in Paris wears pleats, particularly with middy tops.

I THINK: The smartest belt idea in Paris is Balenciaga's coat with three martingales at different levels catching in the looseness of the back.

★ A BELT, though it may be a set-in belt which is part of the garment.

Most belts are low — around the hip-line or lower.

I THINK: The smartest belt idea in Paris is Balenciaga's coat with three martingales at different levels catching in the looseness of the back.

★ SLEEVES are all set in, mostly in the natural place at the outside edge of the shoulder. There is no squaring, padding, or complications. It's all as simple as a shirt-sleeve. Most sleeves are three-quarter length or quite short.

I THINK: This is going to do more to date my own clothes than any other factor. Because most of my sleeves are cut in one with the bodices.

★ Most of the detail and interest of the new clothes goes TO THE BACK. Belts at the back only. Collars dipping

low at the back. Necklaces stung back to front.

I THINK: You're done without a full-length double mirror. HATS are all shapes and sizes under the sun, and it's hard to predict which line will win. But I've put a ring round big hats worn flat on the head and small hats tilted forward.

Dior's newest hat is a little crescent moon tilted over the brow.

I THINK: It looks tiny, tiny, bit comical.

★ COLOURS are bright and gay, there's very little black. There are tons and tons of colours: yellow, flower blues; and here and there a streak of brilliant red.

I THINK: This is wonderful. You know how I go on and on about colour.

★ D's a dull season for accessories, considering this is Paris in the spring. Beads, crosses, diamonds, stones, umbrellas are still with us in the shapes and sizes we know.

The only new idea is a burrowing of spring in the shape of butterflies, birds, and bugs. These might all over the place from a bird on your brow to two tropical-size butterflies on the back of your collar.

I THINK: I don't be wearing a butterfly myself. But they have a sort of primadonna charm, if you're the type.

As always, many of the dresses were the kind that go down well in the sunny south — the kind that we would love to wear here, but cannot because it is too cold. Some were in printed silks, favouring for a hot climate; they had the full skirts which are more comfortable on a hot day than tight-fitting sheath dresses.

Two of the "royal" designers, who have made some of Princess Margaret's Caribbean wardrobe, showed the English Look in most detail.

FOR GARDEN PARTIES Norman Hartnell chose "English garden" prints. He picked a wide variety and they were seen to best advantage on his afternoon dresses and garden party outfits. They were mostly flower prints, either full-blown roses on a dark blue ground or cornflowers on white.

Moving away from the prints, but keeping to the flower theme, he used Swiss organdie with applique flowers in contrasting colour. One garden party dress, with fichu neck and full skirt, was in grey organdie with white daisies scattered over it.

Hartnell also brought back that old favourite of the English summer—the big-brimmed, umbrella sized hat, which looks its best on a tall person. Some were in plain straw. Others were in new materials, and one of these was a coarse net which looked like dishcloth and was stretched over a wire frame.

Evening dresses were in the Hartnell tradition of rich satin and gleaming embroidery, usually in the form of spray of flowers picked out in sequins and beads. One dress in pale blue satin—Dresden china he called it—had raised pink roses and china blue beads, scattered on the skirt.

For day wear, suits and dresses were neat and tailored in the English way. They relied for effect on a brightly coloured hat or scarf.

THREE LINES Victor Stiebel showed three distinct lines and all brought something new to the English Look. There was the long, slim line on tailored suits and dresses, softened by draping on shoulders and hips. There was the long-waisted, bouffant-skirted style chosen for silk dresses. And coats had high waists and fluted skirts.

Materials were gay, and Stiebel described them as a "rainbow of Oriental colour scattered across shimmering, paper tulle, the silk and cotton." Pale pinks, blues and greens were the main colours.

Stiebel rescued the pinstripe (Victorian variety) from the trunk in the attic and teamed it with some of his silk dresses. Usually he made it to match both dress material and coat lining.

He dressed up plain court shoes for summer by covering them in a print matching the outfit.

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★ CLOTHES are the talk of the town, BUT—

MISS CARON Just Doesn't Care

NO time, alas, in Collection Week to eat well, go shopping, or go on the town. Six hundred dresses a day is about all you can manage. The only relaxation is talking to people.

I talked to a woman who buys clothes: Elizabeth Appenzeller, fashion buyer for famous American store Gimbel's, she has been buying in London and Paris. She told me—

"London fashion is waning up. This trip I found both couturiers and manufacturers more enterprising than before. People seemed lively. They are even willing to sell you things."

"I like to buy in London, because British imports have prestige appeal. I bought dresses and suits from several couturiers. And wonderful ready-made cotton dresses."

"Here in Paris? Well, I adore the A line, but I don't consider it 100 percent saleable. American women simply will not flatten their busts."

"I talked to a woman who wears clothes: Lia, Dior's lovely new red-headed mannequin with the tiny figure and the jet-black eyes. She told me—

"I'm Hungarian and I came here four years ago with my mother as a refugee. I started to study psychology, but I had to earn some money, and M. Dior gave me a star."

"I wear 16 dresses in the show, mostly in the new autumn and winter colours, which seem to go with my hair."

"I talked to a woman who designs clothes: Leslie Chen, the beautiful Chinese star of An American in Paris. She's just about to appear in her first stage play, Jean Renoir's Orpheus. Serious, unsmiling, making no concessions to glamour, she wore a black evening dress and grey skirt, and a pair of make-up or jewellery. She said me—

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Two of the "royal" designers, who have made some of Princess Margaret's Caribbean wardrobe, showed the English Look in most detail.

FOR GARDEN PARTIES Norman Hartnell chose "English garden" prints. He picked a wide variety and they were seen to best advantage on his afternoon dresses and garden party outfits. They were mostly flower prints, either full-blown roses on a dark blue ground or cornflowers on white.

Moving away from the prints, but keeping to the flower theme, he used Swiss organdie with applique flowers in contrasting colour. One garden party dress, with fichu neck and full skirt, was in grey organdie with white daisies scattered over it.

Hartnell also brought back that old favourite of the English summer—the big-brimmed, umbrella sized hat, which looks its best on a tall person. Some were in plain straw. Others were in new materials, and one of these was a coarse net which looked like dishcloth and was stretched over a wire frame.

Evening dresses were in the Hartnell tradition of rich satin and gleaming embroidery, usually in the form of spray of flowers picked out in sequins and beads. One dress in pale blue satin—Dresden china he called it—had raised pink roses and china blue beads, scattered on the skirt.

For day wear, suits and dresses were neat and tailored in the English way. They relied for effect on a brightly coloured hat or scarf.

THREE LINES Victor Stiebel showed three distinct lines and all brought something new to the English Look. There was the long, slim line on tailored suits and dresses, softened by draping on shoulders and hips. There was the long-waisted, bouffant-skirted style chosen for silk dresses. And coats had high waists and fluted skirts.

Materials were gay, and Stiebel described them as a "rainbow of Oriental colour scattered across shimmering, paper tulle, the silk and cotton." Pale pinks, blues and greens were the main colours.

Stiebel rescued the pinstripe (Victorian variety) from the trunk in the attic and teamed it with some of his silk dresses. Usually he made it to match both dress material and coat lining.

He dressed up plain court shoes for summer by covering them in a print matching the outfit.

★ CLOTHES are the talk of the town, BUT—

MISS CARON Just Doesn't Care

NO time, alas, in Collection Week to eat well, go shopping, or go on the town. Six hundred dresses a day is about all you can manage. The only relaxation is talking to people.

I talked to a woman who buys clothes: Elizabeth Appenzeller, fashion buyer for famous American store Gimbel's, she has been buying in London and Paris. She told me—

"London fashion is waning up. This trip I found both couturiers and manufacturers more enterprising than before. People seemed lively. They are even willing to sell you things."

"I like to buy in London, because British imports have prestige appeal. I bought dresses and suits from several couturiers. And wonderful ready-made cotton dresses."

"Here in Paris? Well, I adore the A line, but I don't consider it 100 percent saleable. American women simply will not flatten their busts."

"I talked to a woman who wears clothes: Lia, Dior's lovely new red-headed mannequin with the tiny figure and the jet-black eyes. She told me—

"I'm Hungarian and I came here four years ago with my mother as a refugee. I started to study psychology, but I had to earn some money, and M. Dior gave me a star."

"I wear 16 dresses in the show, mostly in the new autumn and winter colours, which seem to go with my hair."

"I talked to a woman who designs clothes: Leslie Chen, the beautiful Chinese star of An American in Paris. She's just about to appear in her first stage play, Jean Renoir's Orpheus. Serious, unsmiling, making no concessions to glamour, she wore a black evening dress and grey skirt, and a pair of make-up or jewellery. She said me—

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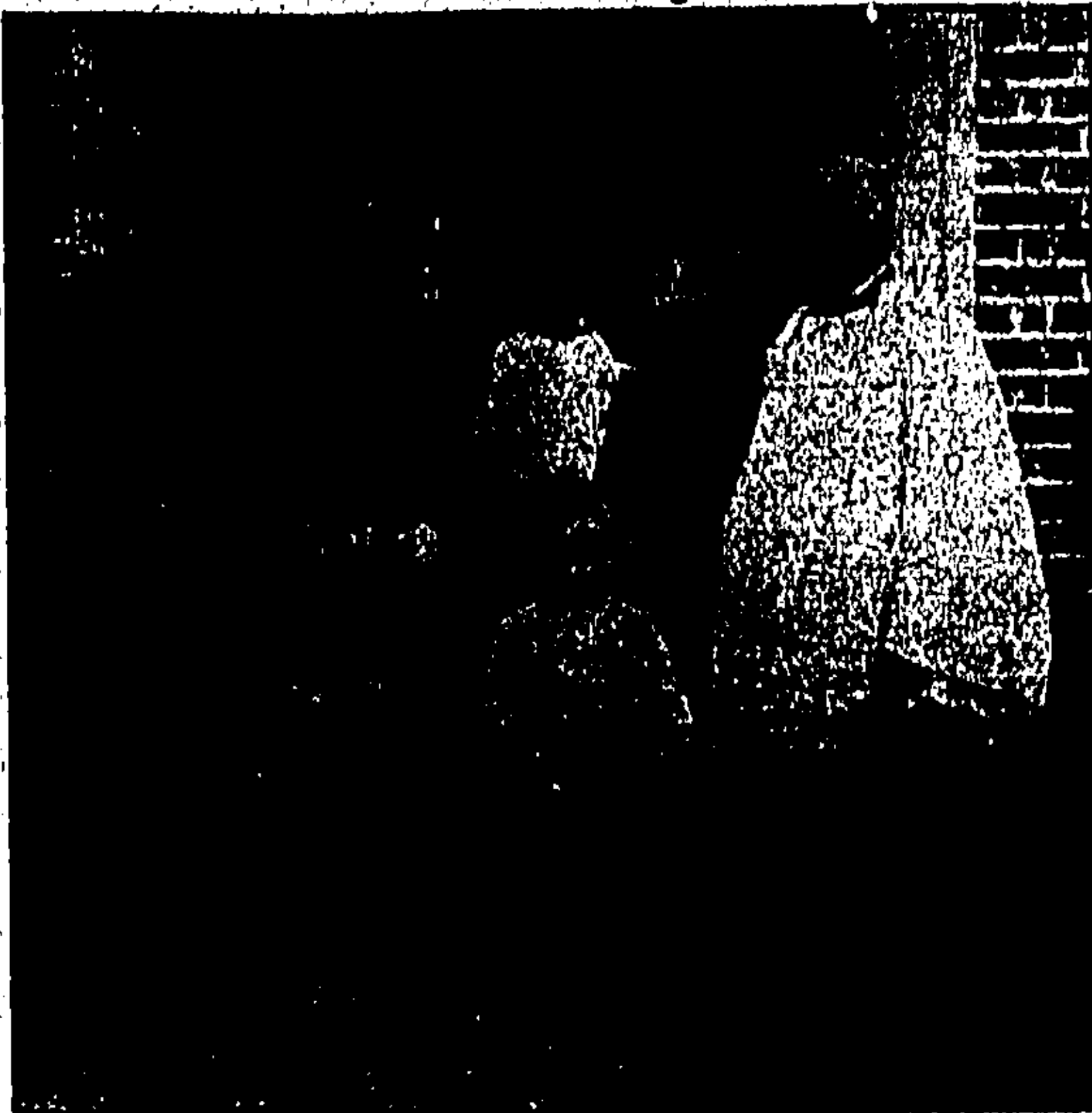
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FROM the vantage point of the Hon. and Mrs. M. W. Turner's Peak residence, Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, enjoy a panoramic view of Hongkong. The two distinguished artists of the British stage are guests of the Turners during their stay here. (Staff Photographer)



AT the baptism of Robin Ashley, infant son of Mr and Mrs Geoff Goodyear, which took place at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



CAPTAIN B. J. B. Morahan, who recently gave up command of the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and Mrs Morahan presented with a gift by Miss F. N. Brown on behalf of members of the force at a dinner dance held at HKRNVR Headquarters. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The Royal Army Service Corps hockey team which defeated the 7th Hussars to win the Land Forces Major Units Championship last week. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Demonstration of first aid at the annual rally of Scouts and Cubs of Wongsai-chong District at Chaiwah Camp last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. R. Todd, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, and Mrs Todd inspecting the Po Leung Kuk's new Vocational Training Building which he opened on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Misses Julie Chong, Jean Yu, Adorea Ching and June Sun, pupils of ballet teacher Patricia Denholm, entertain at the annual joint dinner dance of the Diocesan Old Girls' Association and the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association, held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)

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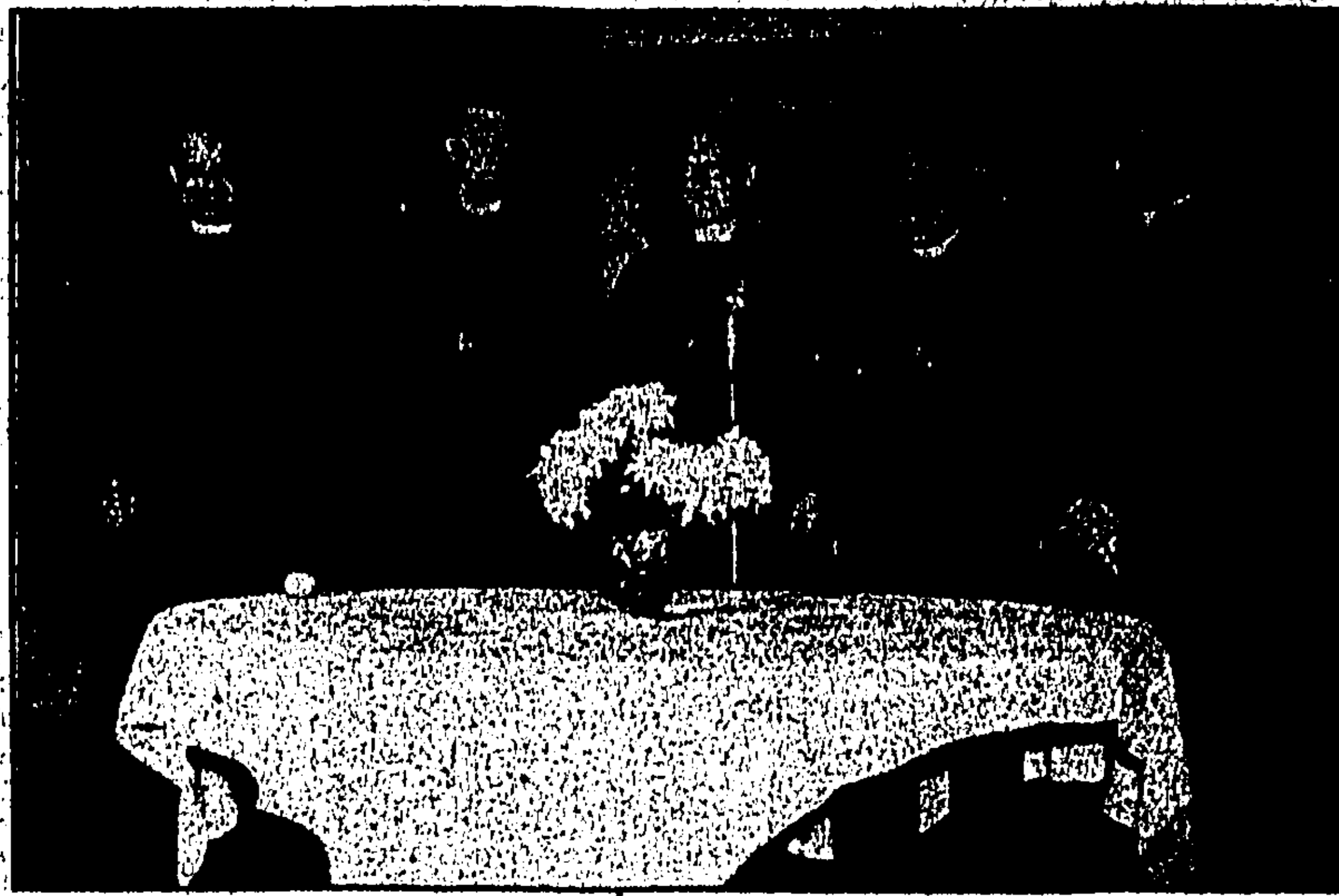


MRS A. C. Maxwell, wife of the Commissioner of Police, receiving a bouquet of flowers from little Lily Loung after she has presented prizes at the Canton Road Police School's annual sports day. (Staff Photographer)

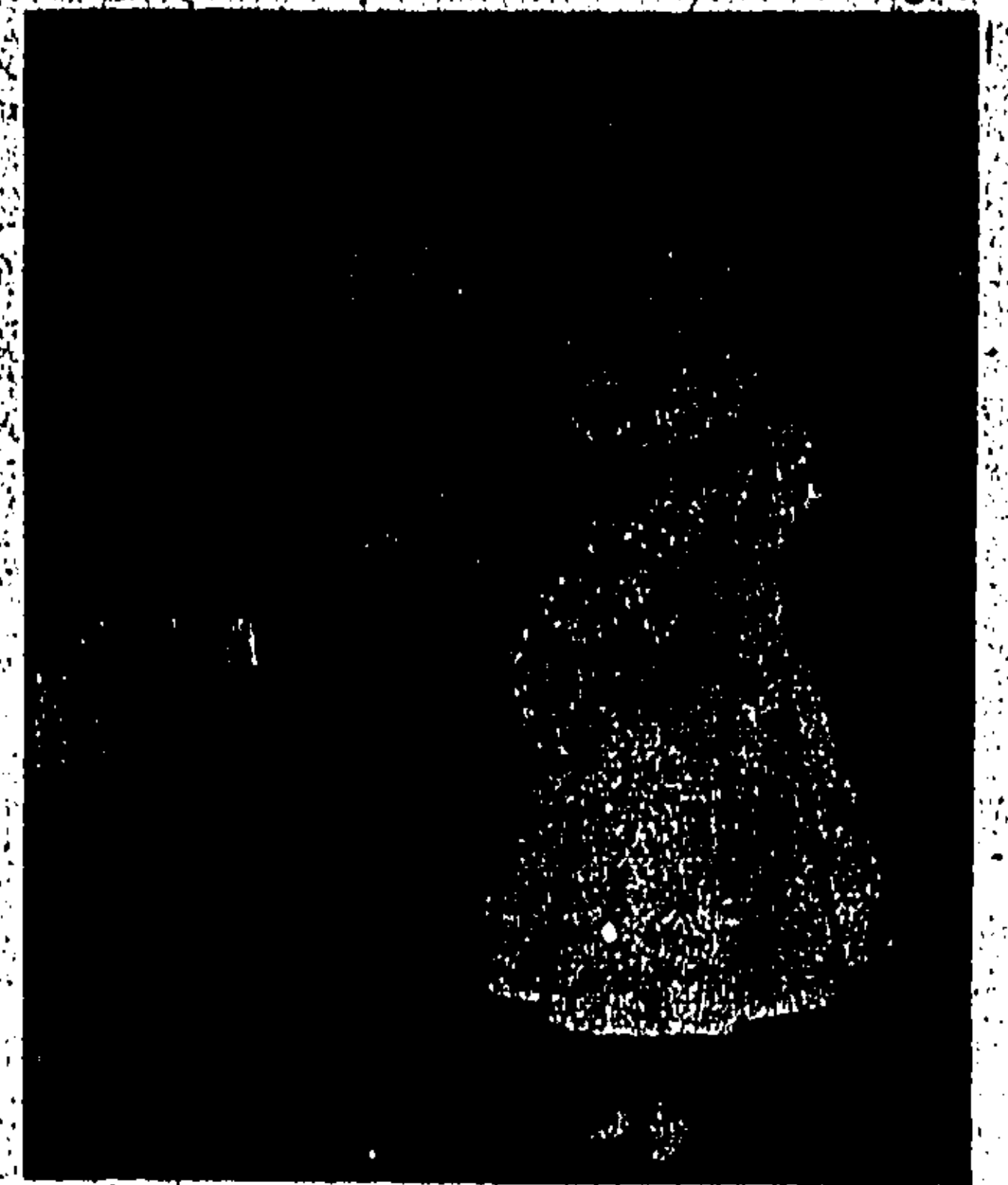


DR Karl Kaiser, President of the German-Wien Football Club of Austria, receiving a replica of the Hongkong Football Association badge from the Hon. Kwok Chee, President of the H.K.F.A., at a dinner honoring the visitors of the Gloucester Hotel on Thursday evening. (Staff Photographer)

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FIVE Anglican Bishops of the Far East who have been conferring here pictured at a dinner at St Paul's Church Hall to welcome the visitors. From left: The Rt Reverend Nigel Cornwell (N. Borneo), H.W. Baines (Singapore), Arthur Chadwell (Korea), Ronald Hall (Hongkong) and Norman Binsted (Philippines). (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Michael Cyril Harrington Young leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was Miss Anita Patricia Duff, from Karachi. (Staff Photographer)

OFFICERS of the Women's International Club for the current year. Back row: Mrs W. G. Robertson (Chairman), Mrs G. D. Smart, Mrs R. A. Wickerson, Mrs C. van der Voort, Mrs L. B. Stone, Mrs K. E. van der Mandele. Front row: Mrs H. Odell, Mrs Leo D'Almada, Mrs T. J. Gould (Vice-Chairman) and Mrs A. Woo. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: The Dorians 'A' team, now hot favourites for the Ladies' Hockey League Championship. (Staff Photographer)

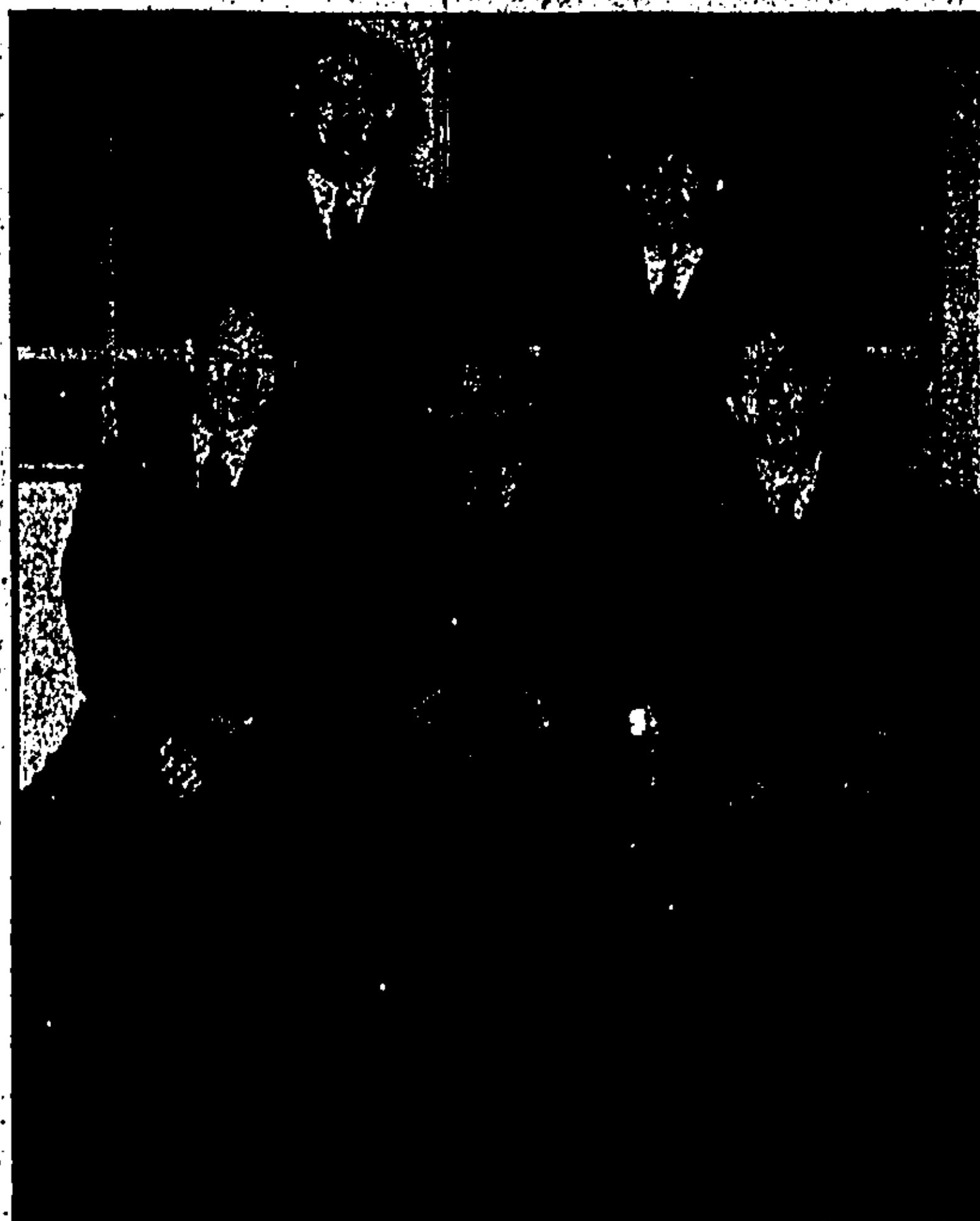


MEMBERS of the Christian Youth Fellowship at their Valentine party held at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday. (Mainland)

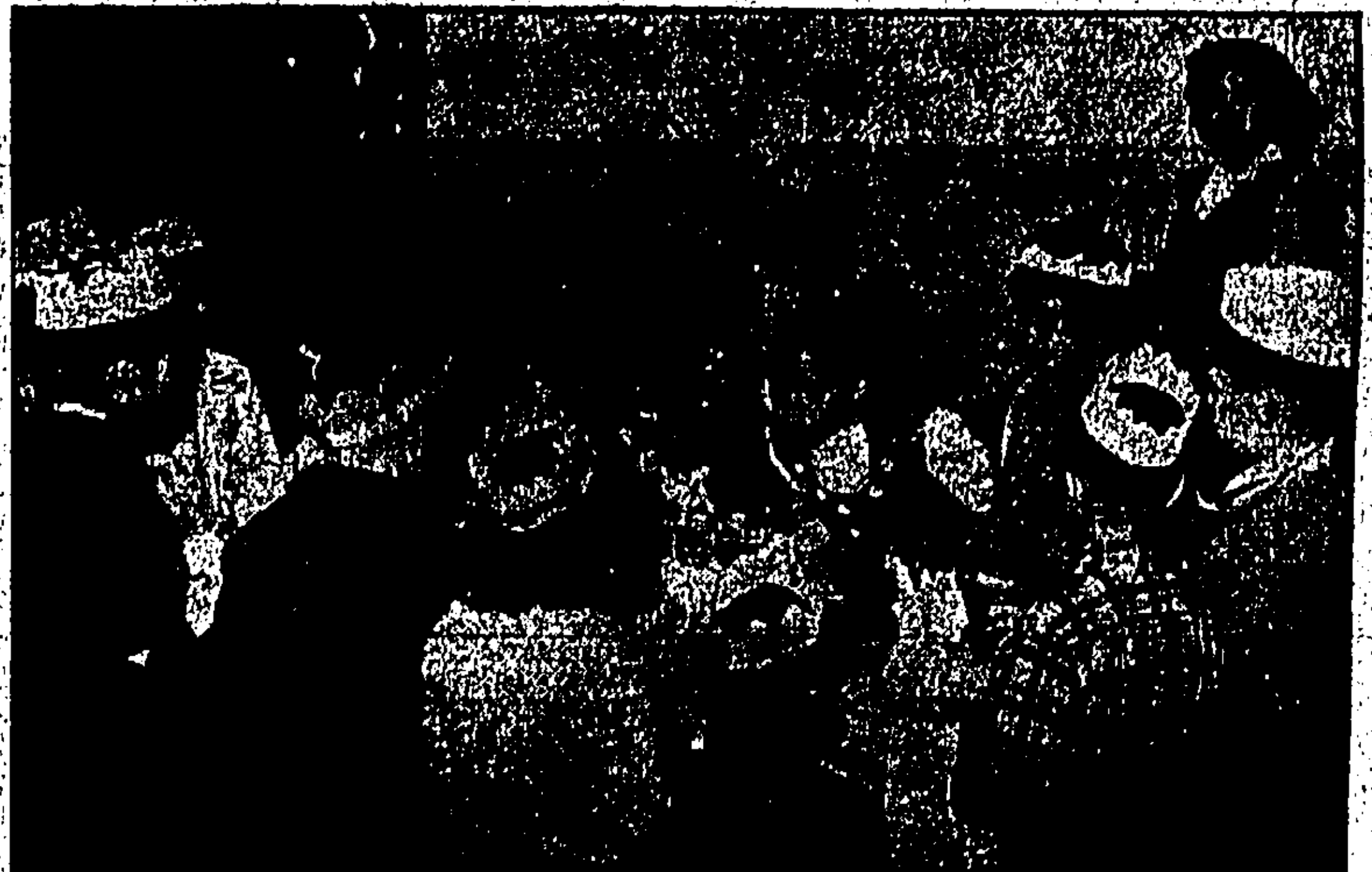
BELOW: Miss Beatriz Ribeiro, daughter of Mr and Mrs H.A.V. Ribeiro, blowing out the candles on the cake at her birthday party. Beatriz is eight. (W. Y. So)



CHILD welfare work at the Eastern Centre of the Society for the Protection of Children. Picture was taken last week when Mrs S. Panbridge (centre standing), who has helped at the Centre for the past two years, was presented with farewell gifts on the eve of her departure from Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Officials of the Dental Society elected at the annual meeting this week. Seated: Dr J. H. Yap, Dr D. H. Small (President), Dr H. N. Wong. Back: Major K. Howse and Dr N. S. Sia. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr A. R. S. Major, Assistant Commissioner of Police, taking the salute at the passing-out parade of 60 recruits at the Police Training School last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

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By

ALLEN SOLLY.

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Good Nutrition Has Long-Range Influence On Health

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

THERE can be no doubt that food intake, which is to say diet, has a very important long-range influence on performance, endurance and fatigue. As man's nutrition has greatly improved by the application of modern methods to agriculture and food processing and by the more scientific understanding of dietary requirements, we have witnessed a steady succession of shattering athletic records. After many, many years, we have seen the four-minute mile; by the same token, we have witnessed considerably longer shot-put, discus and javelin throws; higher and broader jumps and better athletic records in virtually every sport. Outstanding among the athletes in Olympic games have been those from countries in which the food was notably plentiful, namely the United States, the Scandinavian countries and pre-war Britain.

Science Makes Strides In Treating Many Ills

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

EACH month, science makes great strides in the search for new medicines to alleviate and prevent illness and pain. What's new in medicine today?

These are among the most recent developments:

Su-3088: A new drug for reducing high blood pressure orally.

This was developed during five years of research, and has been clinically tested at Duke University. Dr. Keith S. Grimson, professor of surgery at Duke Medical School and Duke Hospital, reports one small tablet taken before breakfast reduces blood pressure to normal for the entire day.

Until now, Hexamethonium (C-6) has been the drug most uniformly accepted by the medical profession as the one which most consistently reduces blood pressure. Treatment with C-6, however, requires from four to 16 tablets a day.

Su-3088 is expected to be available in quantities soon.

Metacortandrolone and **metacortandrin:** Drugs which, tests indicate, might be of help in controlling symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis, a crippling disease which affects some

better production despite shorter hours and reduced personnel; this holds good even when the influence of power-driven machinery is discounted. It cannot be said that good nutrition alone insures good health, because there are many other factors. But it certainly can be stated that good health without good nutrition is impossible. In many parts of the world there live primitive peoples who pursue a leisurely life without the stress and strain of modern civilization; who have plenty of outdoor activity and leisure to enjoy active physical play; who have mountains, forests and beaches at their constant disposal; whose life is highly physical; yet these people, lacking a well-rounded diet, are short-lived and their lives are plagued with many diseases of a nutrition deficiency character.

Immediate effect

The satisfaction which comes to a hungry person after a good meal is partly psychological and partly due to the cessation of hunger contractions and so-called hunger pains in the stomach. Tissue deficiencies due to prolonged abstinence from food cannot be repaired until there has been digestion, distribution to the local tissue within the body and assimilation. Yet the relief is almost immediate. Experiments have shown that supplementary feedings of vitamins, minerals and

protein substances for an immediate effect on physical performance are without value except in cases of extreme deprivation. In starvation, the administration perhaps even by injection of certain vitamins and perhaps common salt may be required. In general, it does not pay to expect immediate results from the intake of food. The possible exception is pure sugar taken after prolonged exertion without food such as marathon running or other endurance contests. Mountain climbers and hikers often use candy or chocolate to give them this quick pick-up. But less prolonged activity, as in the average football, baseball, or basketball game, or track or swimming meet, gives no justification for such supplementary food intake.

The energy requirements for physical work vary with the speed, the character and the

time period over which the work is performed. Mental work without emotional strain is at the bottom of the list of energy requirements while rapid, strenuous and prolonged activity may make much heavier demands.

Reactions differ

People differ in their reactions to empty stomachs and to the taking of small quantities of food. Some experiments have shown that in psychological tests such as matching symbols or numbers, better work was done immediately after the subjects had consumed light refreshments of tea and sandwiches.

Everyone knows how heavy meals "slow you down" at least for several hours. The simple and unromantic truth is that food is not a stimulant or a "shot in the arm." It is a basic necessity for good health and it is the continuous overall maintenance of good nutrition which gives real pep and energy.

Her Husband Prepares An Anniversary Meal

By Ida Bailey Allen

"WE just had the loveliest dinner, Mother! I must tell you about it."

It was daughter Ruth Allen Castelli on the phone. "Alberto prepared it all! It's a tradition with us. He cooked the dinner the day we became engaged, and now he prepares it for every wedding anniversary. I was sternly ordered out of the kitchen at 5 o'clock—even had to fix a picnic supper for the youngsters in the living room! At 8, when they were in bed, Alberto threw open the door. 'Madame, dinner is served!'

"The table looked lovely; red candles in wrought iron holders, a bed of scarlet carnations massed in a low bowl, my best white doilies with the red applique and red napkins, and the first course in place."

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY DINNER

For everyday dinner substitute broiled flank steak and frozen peaches.

Tomato Hors D'Oeuvre Salads

Fillet Mignon Mushroom Sauce

Buttered Asparagus Tips

Dinner Rolls

Fresh (or Frozen) Strawberries

Whipped Cream

Coffee

All Measurements Are Level

Recipes Serve 4 to 6

"There were some oddments of smoked tongue in the refrigerator," Ruth continued, "so for the tomato salad stuffing Alberto chopped this with celery, added a few capers and some of my pepped-up mayonnaise."

"What's that?" I asked.

"I buy a quart of commercial mayonnaise at a time. To personalise it, I add my own seasonings. It's specially good with fish or meat salads."

Pepped-Up Mayonnaise: To 1 qt. commercial mayonnaise, add

1 line-crushed peeled section garlic, 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 2 tsp. lemon juice and 2 shakes tabasco.

"The fillet mignon was pan-cooked with plenty of butter. It was served with a mushroom sauce made with the pan juices as a base, to which a half tin of condensed mushroom soup and a little dash of sherry flavouring were added."

"I have a little suggestion to make to your daughter for a contribution to the next anniversary dinner," said the Chef. "It is a cake she can make in advance, and have ready to serve with the coffee. It is really a chocolate cream roll, which because all men like it—I now name 'Happy Husband Cake.'"

HAPPY HUSBAND CAKE FROM THE CHEF

Sift together 2/3 c. already-sifted cake flour, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. salt, and 6 tbsp. powdered cocoa.

Separate 3 eggs; beat the whites stiff and the yolks until lemon coloured. Into the whites fold 3/4 c. sifted powdered sugar. To the yolks, add 1/2 c. milk and 1/2 tsp. almond or vanilla flavouring. Stir into the egg whites and sugar; then fold in the sifted dry ingredients.

Line a large shallow pan, about 10"x15" with waxed paper. Spread in the cake batter. Bake 15 min. in a moderate oven, 350° F.

Cool 10 min. and turn the cake out onto a damp clean towel. Remove the waxed paper at once. Spread the cake with a thick layer of 1 c. heavy cream, whipped stiff and sweetened, reserving half the cream. Roll up like a jelly roll and chill.

To serve, spread over the remaining whipped cream. Trim with toasted shredded almonds.

★ Snug And Attractive ★

By Joan O'Sullivan

FROM the outside, this charming suburban dwelling has a snug and attractive appearance. Two planting boxes on either side of the front door provide colour accents, while the low, three-level roof adds to the homey look of the house.

Inside, the floor plan allows for excellent traffic circulation. A small vestibule, with a clothing closet, opens on the living room which provides easy access to either dining area and kitchen or sleeping quarters.

The living room itself is well-arranged. A picture window on the front wall and double windows on the side wall provide plenty of light, while two unbroken wall areas allow for decorative furniture arrangements.

Left of the living area is the separate dining room. Here, too, windows play an important role, making the room, which is smallish, seem larger and airier.

★ ★ ★

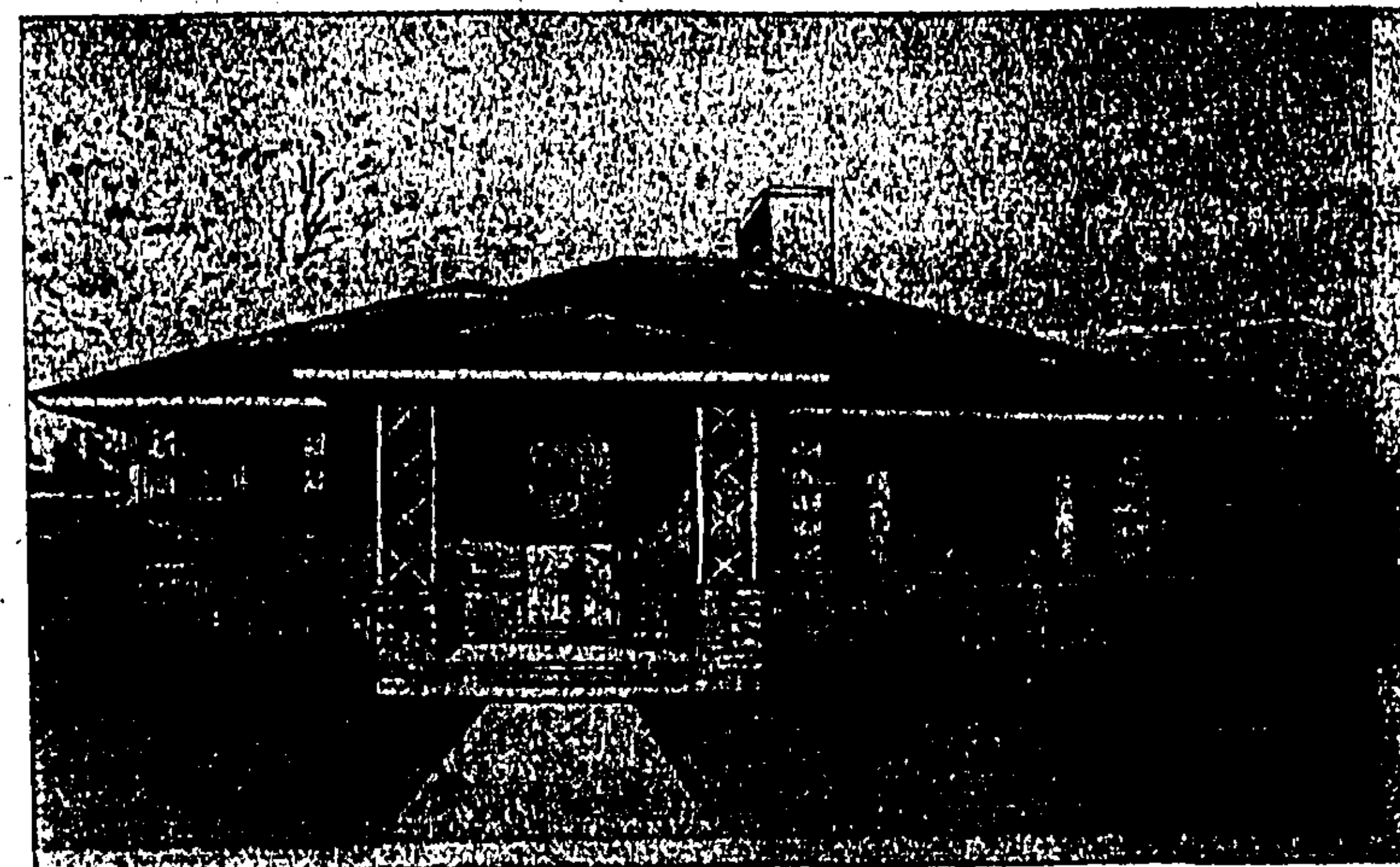
From the dining room, it's a quick step into the kitchen. Cabinets, a work counter and the sink are placed in an L-shaped grouping on one side of the room, with the sink directly under a large window. Stove, refrigerator and additional cabinets are lined up along the opposite wall. Floor space is good, so there's room for a breakfast table, which would probably be placed along a short wall where there is a broom closet and a doorway to the side entry and basement stairway, also a door to a hall that leads to bedrooms and bath.

Both bedrooms are good-sized, and contain ample closet space. The bath, located between these rooms, has space for linen. All three rooms open off the hall, which may be reached from living room as well as kitchen.

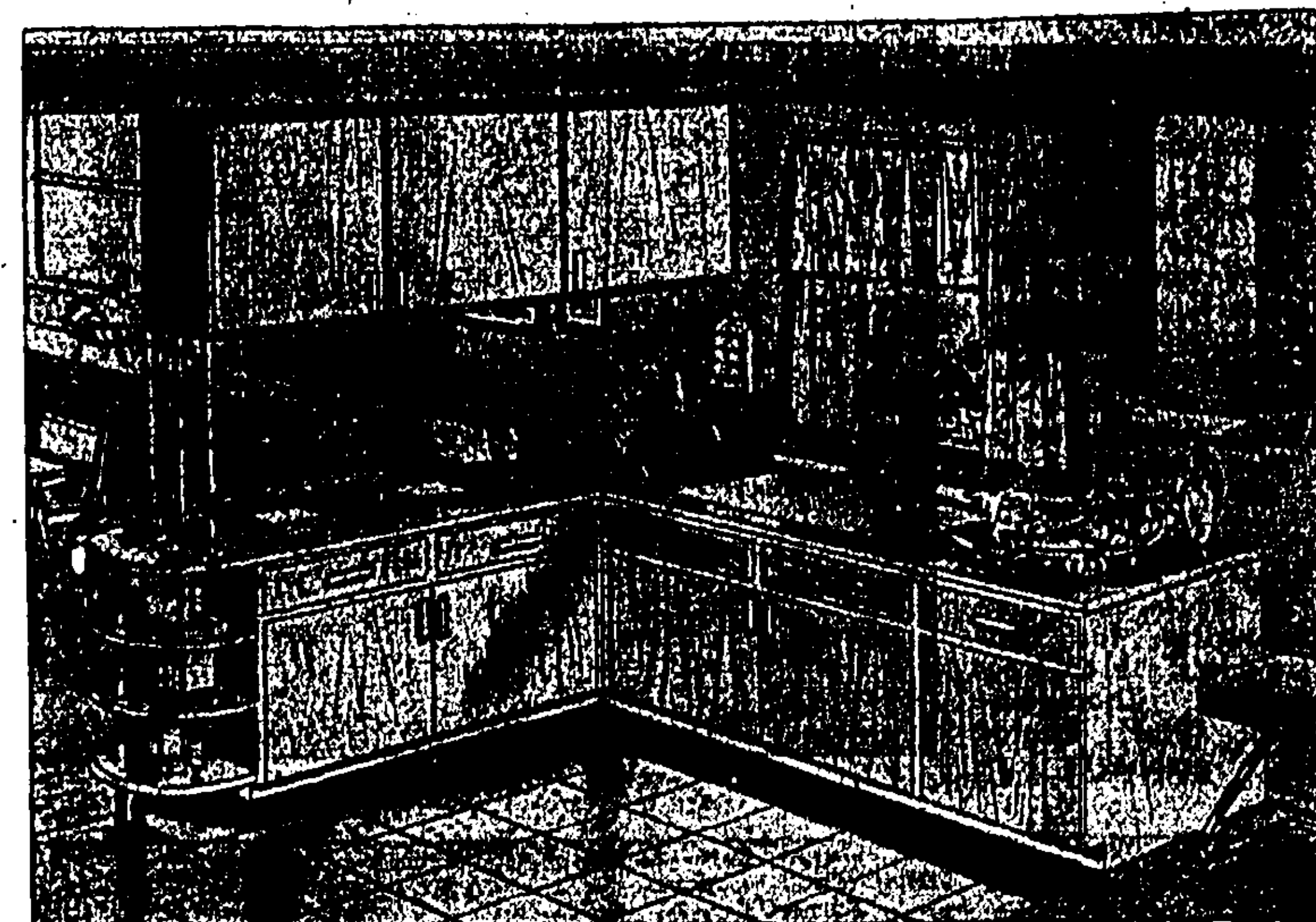
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Egg cooking rule: Use low to moderate, even heat, whether you are cooking eggs in water, frying pan or oven. Like other protein foods, eggs cooked at high temperature get tough and leathery.

A quarter of an inch of soot on a furnace wall will reduce its heating efficiency as much as 30 percent.

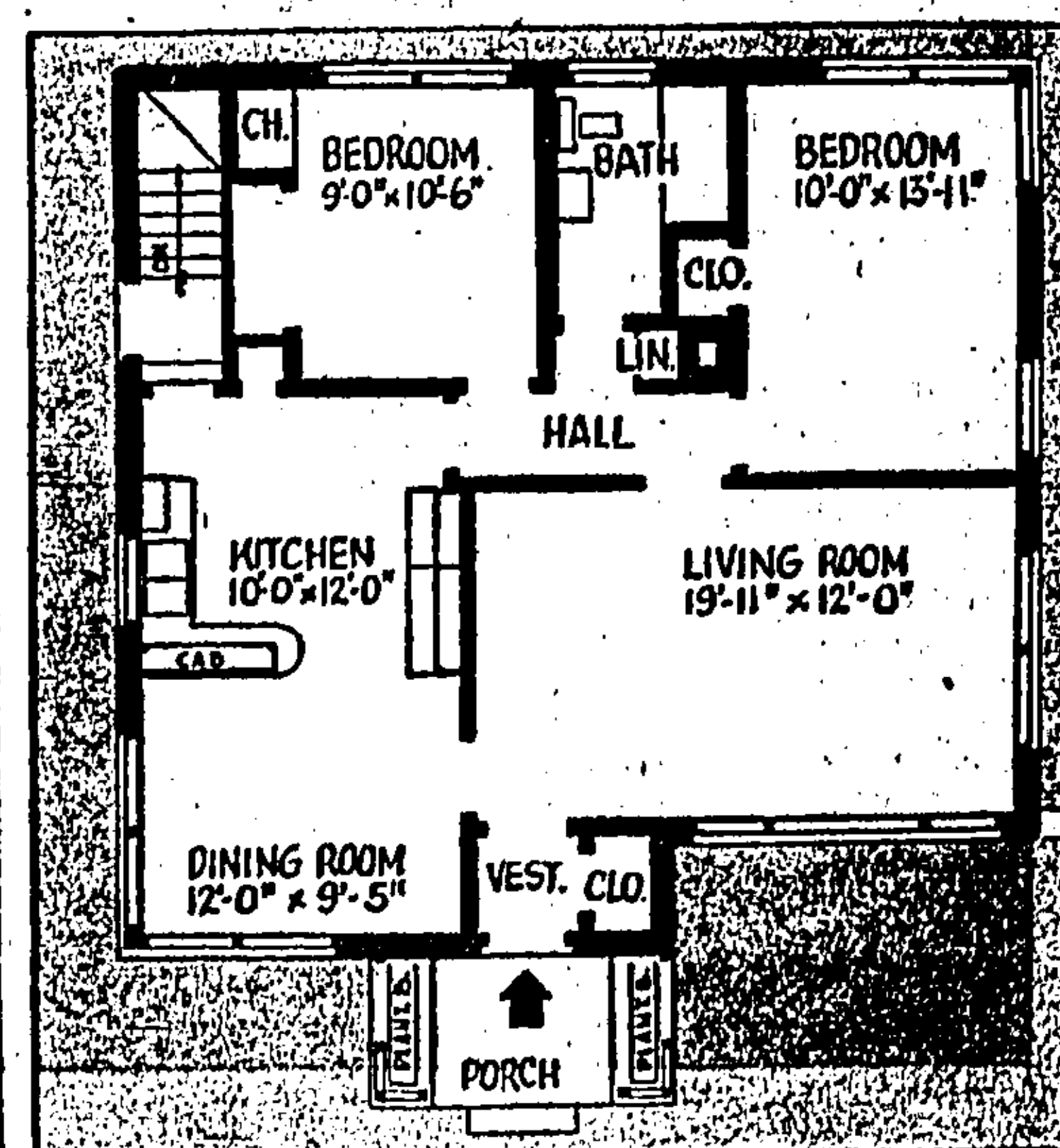


HERE'S A COZY little house. Decorative windows dot the front of the house, are even featured in the front door. Note the planting boxes and covered entry porch, too.



COMPACT'S THE WORD for the kitchen. Sink and storage cabinets make an L arrangement in a corner of the room. One work counter serves as a convenient pass-through for the dining room.

The plan comprises 21,190 cubic feet.



THE LIVING ROOM with its wide windows and good wall space affords access to the dining room and also to the bedrooms, at back.

USE TACT IN GETTING THE CHILD TO EAT

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

A GOOD many parents do all sorts of foolish things to get the youngster from two to five to eat certain essential foods.

For example, they pretend he is a rabbit eating lettuce or carrots. Some parents will urge the child to take a bite of food for Mama, or for Grandpa, or for the dog. Some parents often reward through a long series of favourites. In the course of twenty minutes, the youngster may thus consume a spoonful of solid food or half a spoonful of milk. Even such an appeal soon wears off.

Or, the mother may put raisins in the cup or glass of milk urging the child to drink up the milk to get the raisins. Sometimes a straw through which to drink milk is a magic device for a little while. When the child has finished all milk, these few short tricks which may lead to a chocolate milk or a similar product.

But in that case, the youngster may choose to drink no pure milk for years thereafter.

Some other mother may work on the principle of distraction, slipping food into the tot, when he relaxes his jaws, while telling him a favourite story. Or perhaps Dad and Mother may try to divert his attention by such monkey shins as throwing and catching a pillow, standing on the head or going through all sorts of other antics to soften his resistance to food.

★ ★ ★

But all such distractions defeat the major purpose. The child soon catches on, and develops more resistance to eating. Success requires the enjoying most of the food, especially as he feeds himself. When the child is hungry, he eats, and when he feels hungry, he doesn't eat. It is more than a matter of making a meal. It is a matter of making a meal that the child will eat.

cajoling or pressure to make him eat only dulls his appetite. You sharpen his appetite for any particular food or for more food in general. If you say nothing about his eating, show no feelings, and have none when he doesn't eat. You can increase his appetite as you cut down on the food supply, doing just the opposite of what you had done before.

Accordingly, at his meal, you offer him first the one essential food he likes best, and a very very small portion of it. You don't tell him he must eat it. You merely say he can have no other food unless he does.

If he chooses to eat it, he gets a small portion of something he likes, but a very tiny bit of it. Next, you offer him a wee bit of some other essential food. Holding back the rest of the meal, and a very tiny portion of it, you wait until he has eaten the first two foods. Then you offer him the rest of the meal. He has learned that he can have no other food unless he does. He has learned that he can have no other food unless he does. He has learned that he can have no other food unless he does.

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OMEGA

New Elizabethans Bring Greatness Again To England

By Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

THERE is one subject on which there is no difference between the Specialists and Conservatives. In fact the subject has only to be mentioned in debate and there is an immediate coalition in which even the Liberal remnant joins.

I refer to sport—the civilised alternative to war. Ancient Greece excelled in athletics just as she led the world in the cultivation of the Arts. Great Britain gave cricket to the Modern World, and also the game of soccer which is the only game where the outside of the head is used. It is in the realm of sport that the British taught mankind how to love—although at times they rather overdo it.

You will understand therefore that when I received an invitation to a dinner at the House of Commons in honour of the athletes who went to Vancouver I accepted at once. Such an invitation is almost a Royal Command.

The chairman was that aristocratic Socialist M.P., Philip Noel Baker, who ran so fast at Cambridge that he has been a semi-immortal ever since. On his right was a thin, rather unlovely young man—not unlike Hamlet in demeanour—who turned out to be Dr Roger Bannister, the famous runner.

On the chairman's left was a lively young fellow who looked something between a midshipman and a naval sub-lieutenant. He had a quick, somewhat irreverent smile as if he were more amused than awed by finding himself in such an historic setting. His name was Chris Chattaway.

Just to show these visitors that they did not invent sport we had our own Tory Sir Wavell Wakefield, MP, who, in his Varsity days, captained England at Rugby. Even to the Socialists he is a historic figure.

However, since we were Her Majesty's House of Commons, or at any rate a portion of it, we put up Harold Macmillan, Minister of Defence (and undoubtedly Eden's ultimate successor at the Foreign Office) to make the opening speech when the business of dining had come to an end.

Macmillan was in excellent form. He spoke of the eminent sporting figures present as if they were visiting Ambassadors. He obviously did not know much about them individually but he knew that they had been to the Vancouver Games in Canada and had done something or other to justify our giving them a dinner.

"Fame," he observed, "is a transitory thing. When I was Resident Minister in North Africa during the war I received many letters from prominent persons and I used to send their signatures to my daughter at school because she was collecting them. With some pride I sent her in one post the signatures of Field Marshal Alexander and General Eisenhower. They were a great success with my daughter, so great in fact that I received a letter, promptly from her, which read: 'Dear Daddy, I loved your last two autographs. If you can get me three more Alexanders and two more Eisenhowers I think I could exchange them for one Rita Hayworth.'"

You will agree that Macmillan was in form. Here was a formidable political figure having a little jet, at the reputation of great man, yet in the process maintaining the superiority of a senior Minister of the Crown. The English are really good at

that kind of thing. They swoop, but not very low, to conquer. I felt sorry for the athletes who had to reply. When the brains are in the legs or the biceps it is pretty tough to match them against a chap like Macmillan whose brains are most certainly in his head.

I must say, however, that the speeches of the athletes were surprisingly good, taking all things into consideration. We heard from the gallant Peters, whom we saw on television staggering and falling on the Vancouver track when victory seemed an absolute certainty. We heard sensible speeches from boxers, gymnasts, jumpers, weight throwers—not only sensible but amusing and lively speeches.

So as the evening moved to its climax there were only the two chief stars left—and the chairman called on Chattaway. We really let ourselves go, for it was not very long back since he beat the Russian champion at the White City in London in one of the most thrilling struggles in the history of sport.

But now instead of facing just one Russian he had to speak in the very temple of oratory with champions of the art all round him.

Let me end your suspense by repeating what a Tory Minister said to me as Chattaway finished: "I'm going to take up running," he said, "I might have a chance against that fellow on the track."

I am not exaggerating in declaring that Chattaway spoke like a young Disraeli. His voice produced was not only pleasant but almost perfect. In fact the previous night he had played Algie in Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" in an excellent semi-amateur production. He knew exactly what he was doing with his hands and his voice. In fact as far as style is concerned he could have gone right upstairs to the Debating Chamber and spoken like a Foreign Secretary.

And there was substance as well as philosophy in his words. "Don't imagine," he said, "that when the Russian and I ran at the White City he was thinking of the Soviet and I was thinking of Great Britain. We weren't even thinking of the crowd. There were just two of us, two men, like the beginning of time. One of us had to win and no one else mattered. And when the race is over we were still two men apart, two lonely men in a world of noise, and at that moment a precious and enduring friendship was born."

Then to lighten the tension he made a jest and sat down. It was one of the best speeches ever heard in the ancient precincts of Westminster. We were only sorry that Churchill was not there to acclaim it.

It is to the credit of Roger Bannister (who spoke last) that his quiet, smiling sincerity won our esteem, but he was like a somewhat wistful Hamlet following an outrageous and glittering victory. And he told me that Macmillan and Hamlet are not in the same play. There they were before our eyes on the stage at Westminster.

Two hours later, for the House was having a long debate, three or four of us who had attended the Vancouver dinner, were talking about it in the smoke room. I expressed my astonishment that athletes should have shown such extraordinary intellectual qualities.

"You should not be so surprised," said one of our group. "Over the years the fellows who were brilliant in sport at Oxford and Cambridge have won glittering prizes in real life. Now that money and prizes are the things that count, the competition becomes fiercer. In the end it is the best brain—other things being equal—that makes the champion."

Under our second Elizabeth today we are seeing the development of another such age.

Three weeks later my wife and I went to the gala first night performance of Sir William Walton's new opera "Troilus and Cressida" at Covent Garden.

It was a sentimental evening for us because we had not only known Willie Walton when as a youth he was trying to get a hearing for his music, but also because the conductor was Sir Malcolm Sargent whom we first met years back when he had graduated from playing a church organ to become the conductor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Walton has always been lazy and took his time at earning recognition. Malcolm Sargent being able but superficial. Does he not stoop to conduct the Hippolyte at the Proms while the juvenile fans throw flowers at him?

However, Sargent and Walton were both knighted in the course of time, but not without some eyebrow raising in austere circles. In fact Benjamin Britten was outshining Walton, and Sargent was not considered a serious enough musician to conduct at Covent Garden.

But London is a psychic place and there was a sudden feeling that the first night of "Troilus and Cressida" would be a tremendous affair. I was lucky enough to get two seats just overlooking the orchestra pit.

Covent Garden was itself again. We saw only one miserable fellow in the stalls who was not in full evening dress, and the women were in their glory. Here again was a great capital city where the men and women paid the tribute of full formal dress to the composer, the conductor and the singers. And it is only in a great capital city where a new full scale opera can be born.

I shall not soon forget that night. Walton had called into his own with music that challenged but did not imitate the best work of Richard Strauss. His orchestration was superb, his daring was limitless, his invention never flagged—and not for a moment did he descend to the obvious.

But how much he owed to Malcolm Sargent! Sargent's control of the orchestra was so complete that he could do anything with them. Yet there was the moment that he was not guiding and inspiring the singers when they needed it most.

When Sir Malcolm reached the last tremendous climax of the opera his shoulders drooped and for a moment his head was lowered. The ordeal was over. He had presided at the birth of a masterpiece.

Upstairs in the foyer there were champagne parties to celebrate and we joined some of our friends in the general jubilation. Gone were the ghastly memories of "Gloriana" which had been presented to the unhappy young Queen during the Coronation festivities. Walton had substituted glory for "Gloriana."

And then we heard almost the same phrase which had been used in the smoke room. A friend of mine pointed to Sargent and Walton, who were surrounded by eager admirers. "They are the new Elizabethans," he said.

Bannister, Chattaway, Sargent, Walton, the Duke of Edinburgh, Churchill the immortal, Christopher Fry, Anthony Eden, Rab Butler... There is greatness again in the womb of Mother England.

From the long, weary siege of war and the heartbreak of peace that followed there is emerging a vitality and an almost reckless self-confidence that is expanding our economy in all directions. Bold plans for development in the backward overseas territories are being launched, and at home our industries are throbbing with a new vitality. Great days, great years lie ahead. On land, on sea and in the air, in art and industry, in sport and science and politics, the new Elizabethans are with us.



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One of the strangest places in the world: a place of beauty, though it has claimed hundreds of lives

COUNTRY OF THE MARBLE MOUNTAINS

By Norman Lindhurst

THE men and women of Carrara worship their "marble mountains," from which comes the marble found in hallowed corners all around the globe. Ecclesiastics make pilgrimages to Carrara to order statuary for their churches. Irreverent tourists flock there to pick up bargain-price souvenirs.

Carrara is in Italy, and its fame dates back to the Romans, although Michelangelo was probably the best-known pilgrim. The great master used to come to Carrara to make a personal selection of marble for his sculptures. Yet, long before his day, the splendour of ancient Rome was reflected in public buildings and monuments carved from Carrara marble—marble which Roman slaves toiled to quarry and transport.

MASSIVE SCULPTURE

Very little Carrara marble goes to Rome now. Most of it is destined for the United States, Canada and South America. In one marble shop six sculptors have worked for months on a thirty-foot-long, eighty-foot-high scene from the Last Supper. This monumental sculpture will go to a cemetery in Canada. A church in Philadelphia

has ordered a similarly massive sculpture of the Virgin Mary, the Christ child and Joseph.

As for the tourists, it is amazing to learn what they buy and how modest the sums they pay for their purchases. For example, have you ever wanted a fancy marble desk—a double pen-holder, stationery holder, ash tray and letter opener? You probably have, but couldn't afford it. In the States such a set would cost seventy-five dollars. But in Carrara, you can pick it up for seven dollars.

Carrara nestles at the foot of three towering mountain peaks—Mt. Sagro, 5,788 ft., Mt. Pizzo Uccello, 5,391 ft., and Mt. Pisanino, 6,391 ft. Yawning cliffs and ravines have been cut from the slopes of the marble mountains in thousands of years of quarrying.

PATIENT PEOPLE

From the city of Carrara you can see the Mediterranean as far south as Leghorn. Surrounding the town is a fertile and green plain from which the people live when the sale of marble is slow. Carrara has a population of 62,000. Everyone is dependent upon the marble or marble by-products for a living. These skilled and patient people have toiled for generations to bring the beauty of Carrara marble to the outside world.

Carrara nestles in a fantastic setting. The bright Italian sun, reflected from the marble-shoed mountain walls, dazzles the countryside. Two villages, Godena and Bedizzano, cling at the foot of Carrara proper. Both of these villages subsist from the trade in marble, tourists and fresh fruit and vegetables.

Unlike most Italians, the people of Carrara are a silent

people. Their life is a daily battle—a battle against the "marble mountains" for quarrying remains shockingly primitive. Giant teams of white oxen drag the huge blocks of marble into place for cutting and for transporting to the export markets. The quarriers sing a mournful song as they slide to drill holes for the planting of blast charges. A single rope supports each worker. Slides of marble debris, and even scrubby vegetation are not infrequent. The life of a marble miner comes cheap.

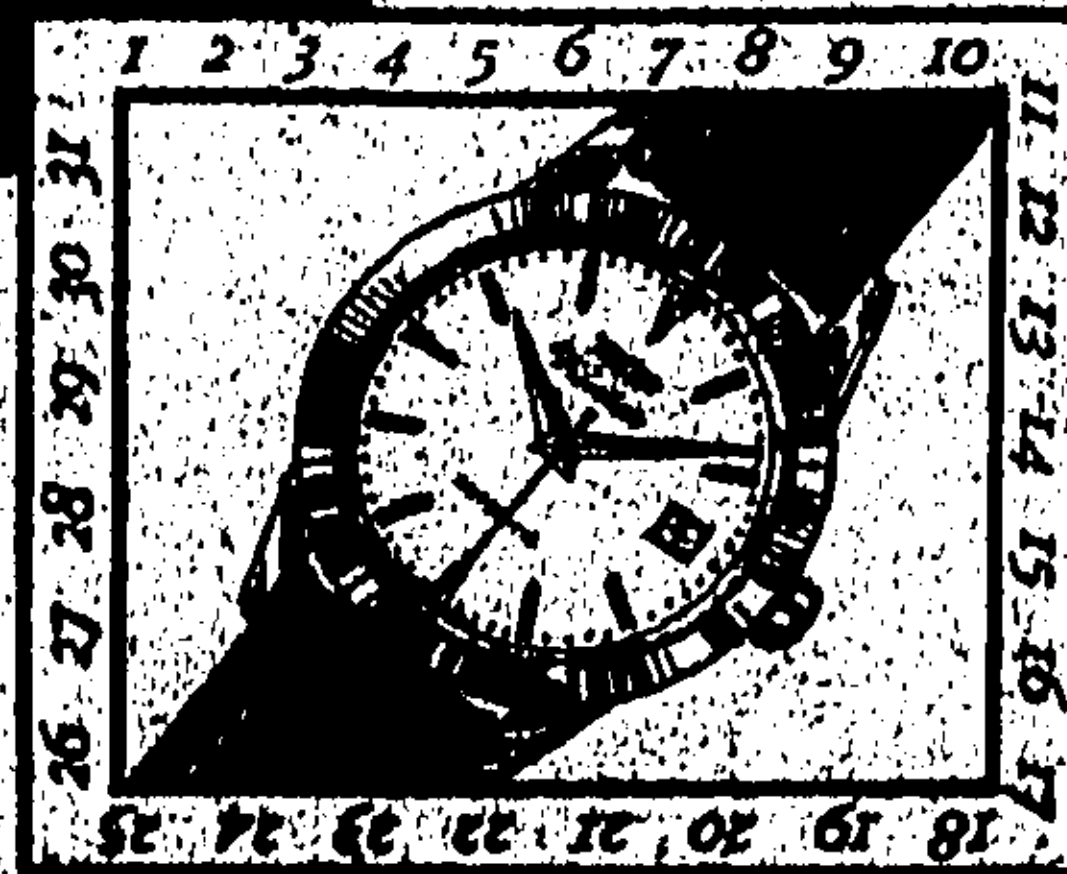
THEIR LIFE

Modern safety precautions are unheard of here. Safety shoes and safety goggles are unknown. Even gloves are rarely worn. When an exceptionally large block of marble is to be extracted from the mountainside, the quarry workers refer to it as a mine. Weeks and even months may be spent in drilling and preparing for the breaking away of a particular piece of marble.

After the marble is blasted from the mountain, it is placed on wooden rollers, and soap is smeared on the bottom of the marble to reduce the friction as it slowly slides to waiting transportation. To the people who work there, nothing is more sacred than the great formidable masses of raw marble. Marble is their life, their only means of livelihood. But they also fear the marble, for the dazzling white mountains have claimed hundreds of lives. The average daily wage of a marble miner is 1,200 lire (the equivalent of some 15 shillings). They reach this wage only after years of apprenticeship.



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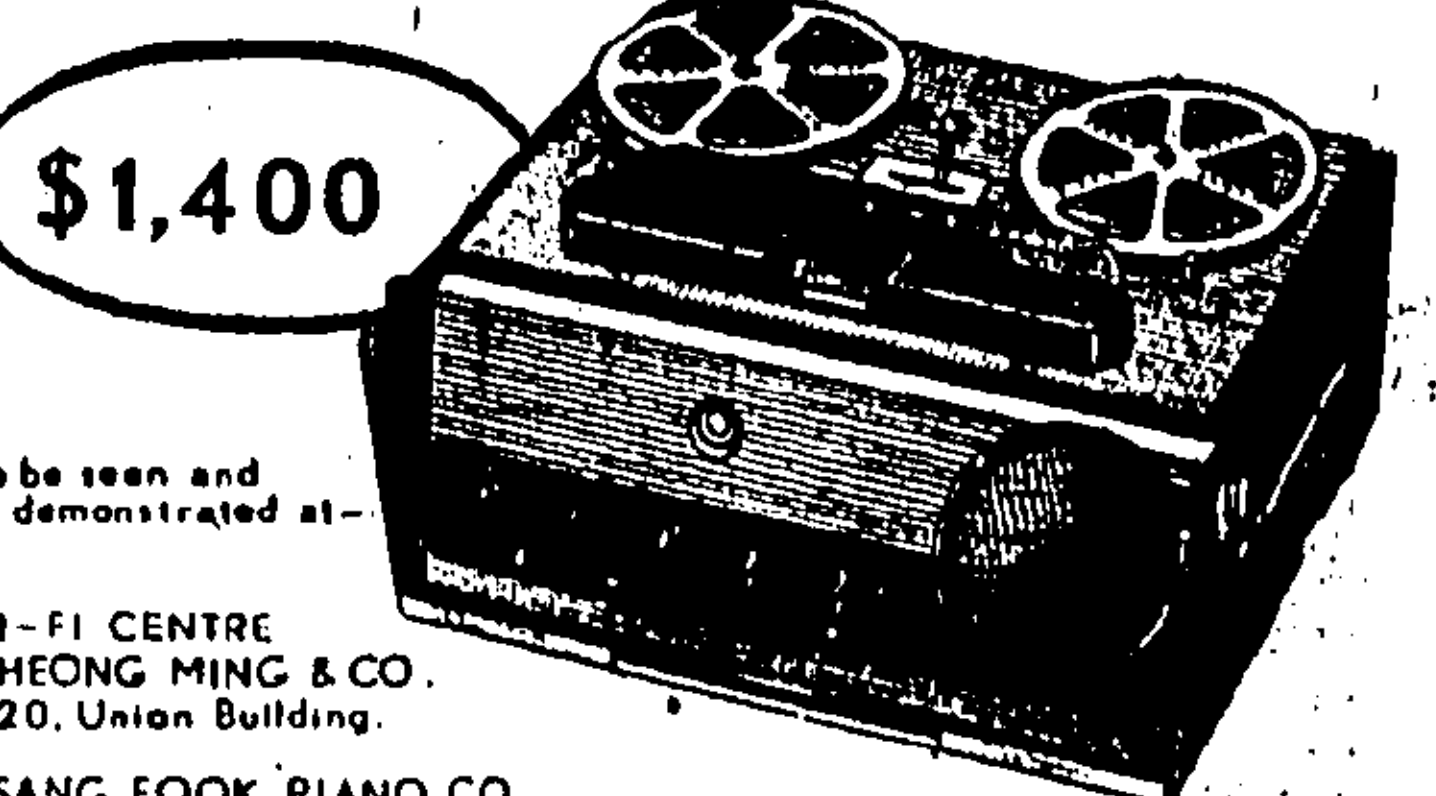
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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

RULES, LIKE TOOLS, MUST BE APPLIED WITH SKILL TO ENSURE BEST RESULTS

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Once upon a time, so the story goes, a proud mother attended a parade in which her son was taking part. Later, when telling friends about the wonders of the show, she made the classic remark "..... and do you know, everyone was out of step except our John....."

I feel just a little bit like that this week, for judging by all the reports I—yes, of all people—was the only sports writer who saw any good in the work of Referee Walker in his handling of the South China-Kitchee match last Sunday; and I was also away out on my own as the arch critic of Mr Dawson who handled the Admirals game on Wednesday.....but I retract not a word of either point of view.

As far as the South China-Kitchee match is concerned, I reiterate that remembering all the background circumstances, I thought we had the opportunity of watching a most efficient and competent display of essential refereeing. BUT and the BUT has nothing to do with the referee. It has been criticised because among other things it served to show that some of our stars have important gaps in their technical knowledge of the game.

The footballers, and football followers, have become so used to tolerance on the field that many technical offences are now being taken for granted, so much so that when someone comes along and penalises them for the errors of their ways they are disgruntled.

It is the same feeling experienced by a car owner who, after having parked his car on the same spot for months, suddenly finds a zealous policeman stating a traffic offence against him.

That is the great difficulty in a matter like this, tolerance may tend to undermine the individual's appreciation of the law.....but it does not change the law.

For example, boos, whistles and cat-calls greeted the award of an indirect free-kick against goalkeeper Cheung Koon-hing when he eluded the ball out of the air with Lee Yuk-lak in hot pursuit. Many folks thought that the whistle indicated an offence by Lee, but absolutely correctly it was against Cheung for shouting.

The award was fair and legitimate and while the theatrical protestations of the Kitchee defenders—at this and other times—may have impressed the referee, they did not impress others who should have known better.

It has been alleged that there was too much blowing of the whistle. In this respect it is important to remember that very often the whistle is blown to indicate that something is wrong.....and the best way to cut down the whistling is to cut out the wrong-doing.

DIFFERENT COLOUR

Well, as much for the first case, but the second one is a bird of a very different colour. When a visiting side comes to Hongkong I think it is fair to assume that they come prepared—within reason—to accept our



Harry Odell says

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE and SIR LEWIS CASSON have captured our hearts. That is why I feel it my duty and extreme pleasure to present them in a final recital at **GRANTHAM TRAINING COLLEGE HALL on Tuesday, 22nd February, at 9 p.m.** Admission \$12.80 and for Students and the Forces \$4.70. Please reserve your seats at

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playing conditions. As the same basic rules govern the game in every part of the world, those should be very much like their own.

However, just as languages acquire some localised dialects and parochial colloquialisms, so does the footballer develop habits and mannerisms peculiar to his own particular part of the world.

This means that when teams from different parts of the world meet on the playing field the job of the referee approaches that of a soccer diplomat. If he fails in that then temperaments clash, the games become lousy and controversial, and the real goal—will object of the encounter is destroyed.

I have no quarrel with Mr Dawson's knowledge of the rules of the game, but I have a quarrel with him in that he quite obviously entered into this All-Hongkong-Admirals international match with the fixed determination to apply the rules ruthlessly and without any thoughtful appreciation of the many obstructive problems that such a game presents.

I haven't the slightest idea what his ability is as a linguist in either the German or Chinese language, and similarly I did not enquire what Hoffer said to him in the incident that culminated in the winger getting his marching orders.

TECHNICALLY, YES

Technically he may have been fully justified in taking the action he did but I still say that over the place he would have shown himself a much greater master of the game if he had forgotten his two black books and used a spot of diplomacy in consultation with the Admirals officials.

Please don't come back at me with the comment that he doesn't have to do such things. I know it only too well, but in every walk of life the really great figures are those who are big enough to see beyond the periphery of their immediate surroundings to balance their acts in relation to that view and to interpret and administer their laws with tactful commonsense.

I can well understand the visitors feeling aggrieved about the whole affair but I do not give them very much credit for the stormy outburst by their leader after the game.

Personally I felt that the visitors had had poor deal, and I might have to say that many reputable and sagacious football folks share that view, but like the referee, Dr Kaiser would have gained in stature if he had shown himself just a little bit bigger than the occasion.

WEEK-END GAMES

And now what of the games that remain to be played today and tomorrow.....will Wednesday's acrimony be carried forward.....or will it be forgotten.

Personally I think that the visitors are too widely experienced to let such happenings worry them too much, but I also believe that it will encourage them to still greater efforts to win.

They did not look a great team on Wednesday but after a couple of days' rest we may see something very different this afternoon and again when they tackle the Combined Chinese tomorrow.

As far as today's game is concerned I think the visitors are good enough to win although they would be wrong to think that the Hongkong Selection is in any way inferior to the All-Hongkong side that played on Wednesday.....in fact our team would not have to be a great side to be better than that sadly disappointing premier selection.

Tomorrow's game may well be the best of the series. The red-shirted Combined Chinese always seem to find latent strength when they are set against top class opposition.....and this may be the only game of the lot that will finish in our favour.

Both games will take place at the Club Stadium and will start at 4 p.m.

LOT OF DISCUSSION

An incident which is causing a lot of discussion in many places is the team juggling which saw Chan Fai-hung brought into the All-Hongkong side on Wednesday when Tong Sheung dropped out. It has been generally accepted that the Hongkong Selection is the official selection and that withdrawals from the premier side will be replaced by the appropriate players from the Selection.

When Tong Sheung withdrew from the Grasshopper Series, Santos, whose general fitness this season has been in doubt, was brought into the side because he was the official reserve, but on Wednesday Higgins, who was selected for the left half position in the second half, was passed over.....and Chan Fai-hung, the reserve right half, was brought into the team.

Such a move is neither fair to players nor to their clubs and it is felt that a firm HKFA ruling should be given so that players will know that they are in fact reserve for a particular position, or alternately tell them that being chosen for a place in the Selection does not in itself imply that they are to be regarded as official reserve for their particular position.

Such a ruling would clear the air and dispel misunderstanding, for certainly the reason given for Wednesday's decision to play Chan Fai-hung in preference to Higgins suggests that it would be well to have the policy on such matters predetermined.

INTERESTING POINT

And finally an interesting little point that arises from one of last week-end's junior games. One side was awarded a penalty. When all was set the referee indicated to the goalkeeper which of his opponents was going to take the kick.

Now the point at issue is this. If another player had run forward and cracked the ball into the net what would the referee have done?

I have searched through various reliable football guides but nowhere can I find any suggestion that the referee should point out to the goalkeeper which player is going to take the penalty kick.....in fact.....in some circumstances he could very well be doing the defending side a disservice.....especially if the hypothetical case quoted above should ever happen.....for as things stand it's a good goal!!!

RAMC CRUSH WELCH



A feature of the semi-final of the Army Rugby Challenge Cup at Aldershot, in which the RAMC outplayed the 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, by 19 clear points, was the Medicals' complete ascendancy in the lineouts. Capt. J. R. Owen, the Army middle-row forward (partly masked by a Welsh arm) shows how it was accomplished.

A Hot Race For The Pennant In Both Senior Divisions

With the softball season entering its last quarter, two teams in each of the Senior Divisions are in hot races for the Pennants. In the Senior "A" League Pandas Aces and Saints are heading side by side for the tape while Americans and Blackhaws Aces are doing likewise in the Senior "B" League.

The Junior Blue section have completed their two rounds schedule and Dukes and Comets are qualified for the final play-off. In the Junior Gold Section, Blackhaws Bees, who have made a clean sweep up to the present, are also qualified. The other team may be CAA Jr. or P. I. Dodgers, depending upon the outcome of today's game.

From the record of the Ladies' Qualifying Rounds, Wahoos Aces and Bees and South China Ladies will be playing in the Ladies' Senior League while Overseas, CAA Ladies and Colliers Bees will be in the Junior Division. Those remaining under a question mark are Colliers Aces and Pandarvites. Both teams have lost quite a number of experienced players. Yet they are too good for the Junior teams players who are mostly beginners and learned the game only last Summer.

Eight games are slated for the week-end and the best of these will be between the Warriors and Braves fighting in the Senior "A" tournament. Another between Delawares and U. S. Navy will be a very close tussle.

The two Senior "B" contests will be one-sided. These are American vs. HKU and Blackhaws vs. Pandas 'B'. In the Junior League P. I. Dodgers will battle the CAA Jr. and Blackhaws 'B' will clash with Seventeeners.

CLOSE BATTLES

The two ladies' matches will see close battles as Wahoos 'B' tangle with South China Ladies and Overseas with the CAA Ladies.

Warriors have improved lately but are still not very steady in their batting and fielding. Therefore they may not be able to hold the hard-hitting Braves in check. However, they will do their best to improve their present record.

Braves may not have much chance to regain the Pennant, but there is still hope. They are in the final stretch of the race in which they will play five

games in a row, all against the best teams in the Colony, including Saints, Pandas and CAA. They are expected to scalp the Tribesmen.

Delawares chalked up their first win last week when the Chinese Athletics gave them a walkover. The present U.S. Navy team is not strong and they may add another victory to their credit.

The U.S. Navy is still represented by the USS Wilson. The team is not too strong except for moundsman Brown who pitches real fast balls. They should, however, be able to take the young Delawares into camp.

P. I. Dodgers will battle with the junior Athletics for a qualifying berth in the final play-off. Both teams lack a steady pitcher. It seems that the performance of their moundsman will decide their fate this afternoon. Blackhaws Bees will score an easy victory over the rookie Seventeeners.

Wahoos Bees are meeting the South China Lady Athletics a second time. Though they succumbed to the latter in their first game, they are well prepared to take their revenge this time. They will if they turn out in full strength.

South China Ladies are practising very hard and this is their last game. If they can avoid committing many fielding errors they may conquer the Bees again.

CAA and Overseas Ladies are at about the same level of ball artistry and a ding-dong battle will ensue. The former should win if they turn out their full line-up.

THE PROGRAMME

Today

3.30 p.m.: (A) P. I. Dodgers vs. CAA Jr., (B) Blackhaws Bees vs. Seventeeners.

Tomorrow

10.00 a.m.: (A) Wahoos 'B' vs. South China Ladies; (B) CAA Ladies vs. Overseas Ladies.
11.30 a.m.: (A) Delawares vs. U.S. Navy.
2.00 p.m.: (A) Warriors vs. Braves.

3.30 p.m.: (A) HKU vs. Americans; (B) Pandas 'B' vs. Blackhaws 'A'.

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

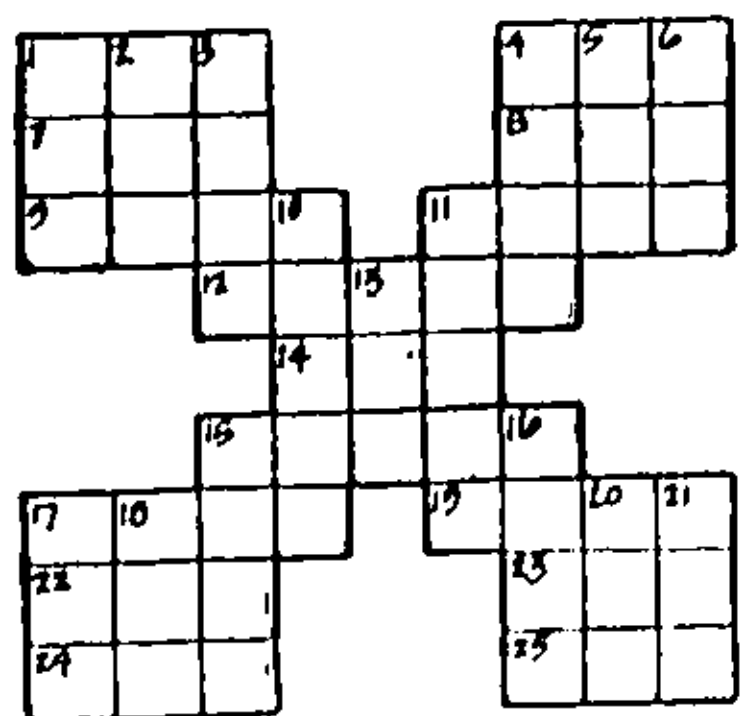
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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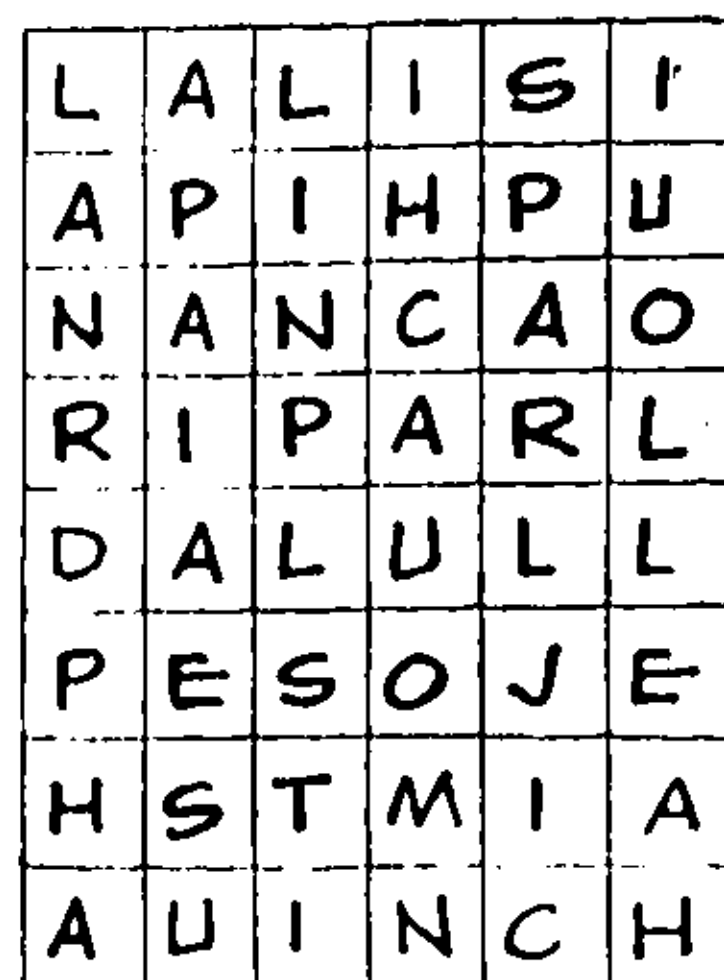


ADD-A-GRAM

Add a letter to "a measure of type" and scramble for "a country". Repeat for "a pronoun", once more for "a colour", and finally for "a tooth doctor".

BOY SQUARE

The Puzzlemaster has hidden nine boys in this square and says you will find them in rotation if you find the right starting point and then read each letter either up, down, backward or forward (but never diagonally).



(Solutions on Page 20)

DOWN

1. Short sleep
4. Head covering
7. Mineral rock
8. Aviator
9. Low haunts
11. Crafts
12. Rugged look
14. Individual
15. Andry
17. Unclothed
19. Famous garden
22. Bustle
23. Anger
24. Number
25. Golf device

TRIANGLE

Today's triangle is based on a PARTNER. The second word is "a parent", third "a courtesy", fourth "a vehicle", fifth "a demon", and sixth "a freebooter". Complete the triangle.

P
A
R
T
N
E
R

COLD WORDS

Each of the following words ends in ICE. Fill them out from the clues given.

- ICE (law enforcers)
- ICE (all with)
- ICE (hurry)
- ICE (recommendation)
- ICE (instrument)
- ICE (information)

WORD QUIZ

1. If you found a MACAROON on the kitchen sink, would you wear it, eat it, or give it a drink?
2. When you hear a TERRIER while at play, does it bark, grunt, sing, or bray?
3. A DRUMEDARY, would you think refers to a pig, a camel, or mink?
4. An ACORN grows on a certain tree, elm, oak, hackberry, which would it be?
5. If your dress is INDIGO, is it green or blue? Do you know?

(Answers on Page 20)

CALLING CAPTAIN COOK

... that's the name for YOU if you 'bag' an island

SET your compasses, boys and girls. For today you are all Captain Cooks! You remember Captain Cook—and his voyages of discovery in the South Seas?

YOU "Cooks" have all the seas to range over today.

YOUR chart is on the right, m'hearties—but it's a strange chart and you have a riddle to read before you can discover any of the eight islands on it (one is really two islands—but it gets one name).

The islands are properly drawn—but the scale is all wrong! The small islands are too big—and the big islands are too small.

Try to spot them by their shape alone. If you can't you'll



THIS IS YOUR CHART—drawn by JOHN BODLE

Do cattle get as homesick as dogs? This old tale provides the answer.

SANCHO—THE CALF—WALKED TWO THOUSAND MILES TO GET HOME

By LEE PRIESTLEY

NO one is surprised when dogs or cats travel long distances to return to their homes, but who ever heard of a homesick cow?

Actually, cattle are home bodies and will become attached to their birthplace or a later home and try persistently to return there. One Longhorn steer from Texas is mentioned in tales of the old West as an animal who walked two thousand miles to get home.

On Esperanza Creek in Frio County, Texas, a rancher named Kerr once found a week-old calf beside its dead mother in a bog hole. He pulled the starving creature out of the mud and carried it on his saddle home to his wife.

Maria washed the mud off the calf and fed it warm milk from a bottle. A cow with a calf of her own was persuaded to feed the orphan, who soon grew fat and vigorous.

Maria named the calf Sancho and petted him with bits of food and much attention. Sancho developed a taste for hot tamales and soon learned to pick for himself the finest red-hot wild chili peppers. He did not consider himself a member of the ranch herds, but slept under a tree near the gate.

In the early spring of 1880 when Sancho was three years old, he was sold to the Shiner brothers who had a contract to deliver three herds of steers to Wyoming. Sancho was road branded and put into the first herd where he plodded at the end of the line with his head often turned over his shoulder to look behind.

Before the first day was over, it was plain that Sancho did not want to go to Wyoming. So when night came a cowboy threw a rope over his horns and staked him to a bush to keep him from walking off.

Whenever the herd stopped to graze, Sancho was the only one who grazed south. When the herd moved Sancho plodded just ahead of the drag rider who kept the stragglers headed up the trail. Gentle and accustomed to people, the big steer often walked beside the cowboys and gathered the little ripe sand plums and "possum" grapes along with them.

But one day no one was looking and Sancho dodged into the brush. Two days later the point man who rode at the head of the second Shiner herd met the steer in the trail. Seeing his trail brand the point man added him to the Shiner herd and turned him north again. Again Sancho got away only to meet the third Shiner herd and be turned again.

In Wyoming Sancho received his new brand and was turned out to range. The Shiner cowboys returned to Texas. When the spring roundup was being made a year later they passed the ranch house on the Esperanza. There lay Sancho in the shade of the tree at the Kerr gate.

He had come home six weeks before, his hoofs worn nearly down but so glad to be there he came to the door and rattled it. "If that steer loved his home enough to walk back all the way on my timing, we're not going to drive him away," said the Shiner brothers. So Sancho, the homesick Longhorn, lived there the rest of his days.

In Mother Goose Land

—Knarf Gets a Big Umbrella for the Shoe House—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, heard the sound of the pattering rain-drops. But when they looked out of the window, the sun was shining. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. There wasn't a raindrop anywhere.

At that moment, Mr. Merlin the Magician came running out from behind the bookcase where he lived, dressed in a raincoat and carrying a big, green umbrella.

A Shower

"It's raining!" he said. "Knarf and Hanid noticed that there were no raindrops on Mr. Merlin's raincoat and none on his umbrella."

Just then there came a rumble of thunder. "The sun is shining outside," said Hanid to Mr. Merlin. "But it must be raining SOMEWHERE."

"The sound of the rain seems to be coming from there," Mr. Merlin said. And he pointed behind the bookcase.

Then they all crept in behind the bookcase to investigate.

Now the back of the bookcase (THIS bookcase!) was odd and interesting and extraordinary and unlike the back of any other bookcase. For the backs of all the books, which is what you see when you creep behind a bookcase, were like the backs of houses, with little fences, and gardens, and flowers, and climbing vines, and doors leading into little houses. They were the doors that led inside the books.

Raining in Bookland

Inside the garden of the Mother Goose Book, it was pouring.

Suddenly, from out of the Mother Goose House, came a rosy-cheeked woman, holding a thin pie-plate over her head.



Hanid tells Mr. Merlin she knows it's raining somewhere.

On spying Knarf and Hanid and Mr. Merlin, she cried: "We're getting all wet. Help us!"

Then she dashed back into the house.

Knarf and Hanid and Mr. Merlin all ran into the Mother Goose House after her. They ran through a long hall, then out through the front door, and across the street and down an alley and there in the middle of a big, backyard, they saw the rosy-cheeked woman stopping in front of her own house.

The house was shaped like an enormous shoe!

From all parts of the shoe (and you mustn't forget that it was still raining), little boys and girls were looking out. All of them were shouting: "We're getting wet!"

By this time Knarf and Hanid and Mr. Merlin had reached the woman's side. They saw that the big shoe was standing in the middle of a great rain puddle.

"Just look!" she said. "All the water is leaking up. My children are getting soaked. What can we do?"

It was Knarf who thought of the exactly right thing to do. It was Mr. Merlin who was able to do it.

"I know what our children do to keep their shoes from getting wet. They put on their rubbers!"

Everyone thought this was a wonderful idea.

A Gigantic Umbrella

Then the rosy-cheeked woman stopped smiling. "My goodness—but where do we get a rubber big enough to fit THIS shoe?"

It was Mr. Merlin who got the very rubber the enormous shoe needed. He ran to the next yard, climbed up a beanstalk, and came down the next minute bearing a big, black, rubber shoe.

With the Giant's rubber shoe, the bookcase was saved. The Giant's rubber shoe was put on the back of the bookcase and the rain stopped.

And of course the rubber shoe that the shoe from getting wet from that moment on.



"When Martha's right she's the first one to admit it."

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19

BORN today, you are fond of travel and want to be on the go every moment of the time. You feel that time is being lost unless you are actively engaged in doing something or going somewhere, all the time. In other words, unless you want to waste your time, you will need to learn the lesson of relaxation. Let down tensions occasionally or you will find that you will have temperamental explosions which will be detrimental to your success and welfare.

You are the type who can be on the mountaintop one moment, and then fall into the valley of despair the next instant. The stars have given you exceptional talents in music, the arts, science or literature. It is up to you to make the most of them by beginning to develop these gifts early in life.

Your intuitions are exceptionally keen and you can usually outguess an opponent. This could mean an early success through what most will call a "lucky break," but which is really your gift of knowing that right and strategic moment to act. You are susceptible to first impressions. Heed your spontaneous thoughts when meeting a person, for usually you are right.

Among those born on this date are: Copernicus, mathematician; Adelina Patti, opera star; Hope Hampton, actress; Jimmy Durante, comedian; Ernest Glendinning, physiologist; and Kay Boyle, author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If you have gone through a rugged week—the chances are that you have—take time out for recreation.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Take stock today. You may not have been utilizing your talents to their utmost. Plan to do so tomorrow.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—This is not the time to worry about the past. Instead, plan for your future. That is more important.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may find that attending church will give you a much needed spiritual uplift at this time. Try it.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Try to get in some relaxation for a change. It will do you a world of good to forget business.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—As winter starts to bow out, vigorous outdoor exercise will take stock of what you accom-

plished and make plans to do better.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If driving in heavy traffic today, be a little more careful than usual to avoid accident.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Indications are right for a good day. Do exactly what you wish and make important progress.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If you can plan some recreation appropriate to the day, you will find it very relaxing.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you need spiritual encouragement, why not listen to church with an open mind? You might find what you need there.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Cultural and intellectual matters are often as important as taking care of your physical well-being.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You may find some real, vigorous outdoor exercise will give you a fresh mental tone-up.

BORN on this first day of the incoming sign, Pisces, you are ruled by Jupiter, the god of wisdom and Neptune, the god of inspiration and idealism. You will definitely have creative talent in the arts, especially poetry, and should see that this gift is developed early in life. Although your success may not be an easy or swift one and fame may come a little more slowly to you than to some others, when it does arrive it will doubly long outlive you.

You seem to have the gift for attracting material wealth and it is likely that you will make money whatever you do. Still, you are not one to be adventuresome, either. You will scrutinize all your investments most carefully and will only back a "sure thing". No wild schemes for you. When you have wealth, however, you want to share it with those who are in need.

You have a great deal of determination and willpower. Once you have made up your mind to something, you will follow through until you have accomplished what you want after, even if it takes months or years to do it. The more opposition you have, the harder you work to overcome it and achieve your goal.

Your magnetic personality will make friends easily for you and it is likely that you will have several important romances in your life. Whether or not you wed at all, will depend upon whether or not you can make a selection of one from many!

Among those born on this date are: Mary Gaudet, opera star; Anglia Weld, reformer; Theodore Lyman and Henry F. Durant, philanthropists; William Rimmer, sculptor; Joseph Jefferson, actor; and Charles Erskine Scott Wood, poet.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—This could be a banner day at the office for you. You may be offered a new and more important job.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you need advice, be sure that you seek it from an authoritative source. Don't make a bad guess.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may receive an invitation which offers a rewarding social contact. Be sure to accept it.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—The beginnings of "spring fever" may become apparent today. Work it off with a brisk walk.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Don't be too quick to take up your pen to write a letter. Look at the small print on the envelope first.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may find that you are eager to get started on planning the job you want to do next year. No! It's not a bad idea to plan ahead.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you must correct someone, be as diplomatic as possible. Be constructive or don't criticize.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Don't be too quick to take up your pen to write a letter. Look at the small print on the envelope first.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Look at the small print on the envelope first.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you are progressive in thought and action, you will get ahead much faster. Don't be a laggard!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Look at the small print on the envelope first.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you will really work at the job you want to do next year, you will get ahead much faster. No! It's not a bad idea to plan ahead.

ZOO'S WHO



For Unusual Table Decorations — Make Edible Party Turtles

IF YOU WANT unusual table decorations at your next party, try setting the table with novelty turtles made from walnut half-shells that will act as place markers for your guests.

Start by selecting the largest shells that you can find. Make sure that they are not cracked or chipped.

Next, colour each shell in a different bright shade, using nail polish, which you can buy in many different pastel tints. Or, if you like, you can tint colourless nail polish any shade that you choose by mixing a little ordinary food colouring with it.

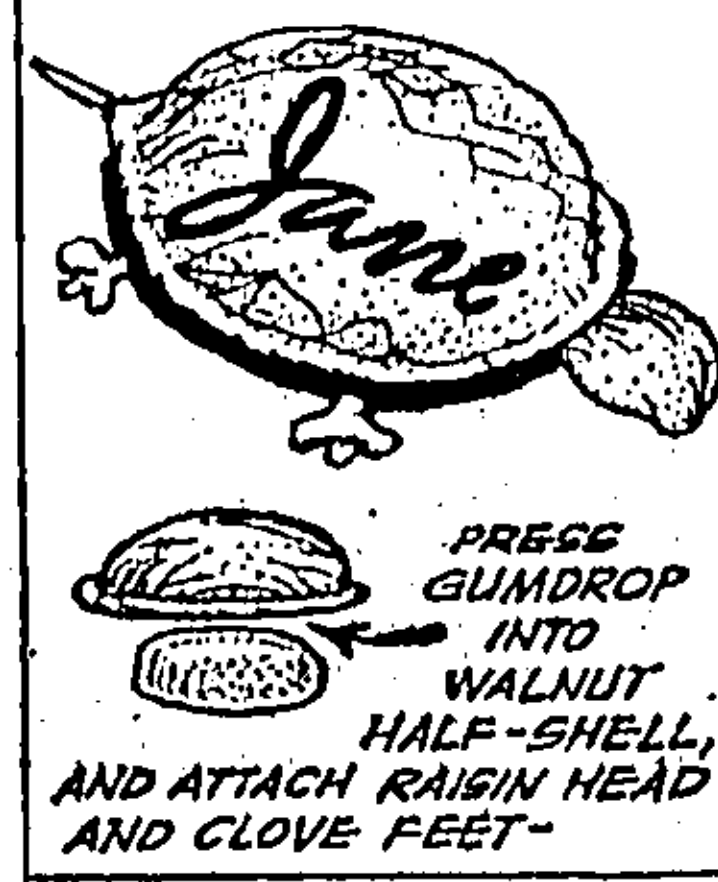
Once this has dried, write the name of each guest on a different shell, with red nail polish. Then try to make the shell look like a real turtle.

The underside of the body need be nothing more than a large gumdrop. Press it into the cavity of the shell. Place a toothpick through the length, making sure it protrudes at both ends. The pointed portion should remain bare so that it will resemble a tail. Impale a raisin on the blunt end—and the result will look like a head.

Four cloves will serve as feet if you'll press them into place in the shell gumdrop.

One very nice feature of the gumdrop place-mark turtles is that as your guests eat, the turtles will disappear. No more cleaning up!

"TERRY TERRAPIN" THE WALNUT SHELL PLACE MARKER



PRESS GUMDROP INTO WALNUT HALF-SHELL, AND ATTACH RAISIN HEAD AND CLOVE FEET

too, however, not only because they're edible, but because the empty shells will serve as souvenirs of your party.

—DESS RITTER

Rupert and the Broken Plate—1



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